The Outlook

Vol. 63 November 18, 1899 No. 12

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The Transvaal War 655
Hospital Ships for Africa 656
The Capture of Tarlac 657
The Sultan of Sulu 657
Lord Salisbury's Speech 658
The Division of Samoa 660
Chino-American Commerce 661
The Election Returns 661
Romish Temporal Power 663
The Brick Church 664
Unitarians and Universalists 664
Citizen Sunday 665
Mission Schools in Japan 665
President Wheeler's Inaugural 666
State Industrial Schools 667
A Common-Sense Law Decision 667

EDITORIALS:

The Way Out 668
The Case of Mr. Roberts 669
Some American Novels 671
Pastoral Letters: Child-Training 672

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Our Mohammedan Wards in Sulu 675
By Anna N. Benjamin
Bill's Bluff for the Church 680
By Ralph Connor
A Flaw in the Title? 689
By Leonard Woolsey Bacon
The Prospect Union at Harvard 691
By the Rev. L. F. Berry

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 694
FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE 697

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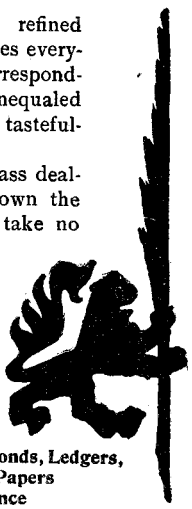

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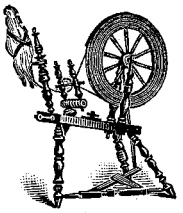

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The Outlook

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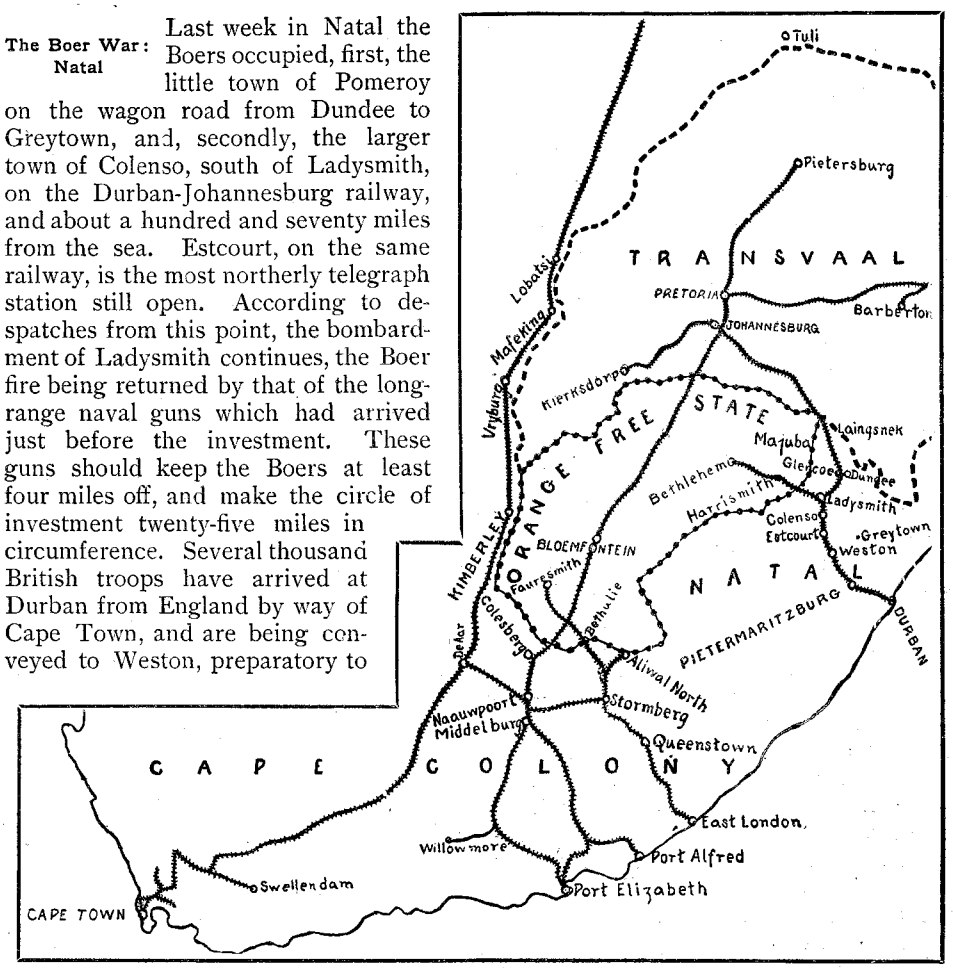
The Boer War: Natal

Last week in Natal the Boers occupied, first, the little town of Pomeroy on the wagon road from Dundee to Greytown, and, secondly, the larger town of Colenso, south of Ladysmith, on the Durban-Johannesburg railway, and about a hundred and seventy miles from the sea. Estcourt, on the same railway, is the most northerly telegraph station still open. According to despatches from this point, the bombardment of Ladysmith continues, the Boer fire being returned by that of the long-range naval guns which had arrived just before the investment. These guns should keep the Boers at least four miles off, and make the circle of investment twenty-five miles in circumference. Several thousand British troops have arrived at Durban from England by way of Cape Town, and are being conveyed to Weston, preparatory to



an advance to relieve Sir George White, Commander of the Natal forces at Ladysmith. General White is expected simultaneously to make a sortie in the direction of Colenso. As an old Indian fighter, Afridi tactics may have prevailed in his orders to the British regiments at Glencoe and Dundee, and at the first engagements near Ladysmith. The Boers, however, are not Afridis, as is sufficiently proved by the series of British reverses in northern Natal, which have culminated in the investment of Ladysmith. If there is a continuance of fighting, there is also persistence in the notably humane treatment of wounded and prisoners on both sides. The British Government has received letters from Colonel Schiel, the German officer captured at Elandslaagte, in behalf of his brother prisoners, expressing gratitude for their kind treatment. The Boers and British,

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he says, are put upon the same footing. Colonel Schiel further expresses his appreciation of the civility and humanity of the British authorities at Ladysmith and Pietermaritzburg. On the Boer side, at Pretoria, the captured British Hussars are rounded up and allowed to practice football on the race-track. Those who recall the horrors of the Kaffir and Hottentot wars will agree that in fifty years civilization has made some progress in South Africa.

❀

The Boer War: Cape Colony

Many Boers have now crossed the Orange Free State border at Bethulie and Aliwal North into Cape Colony. Following the capture of Colesberg, the British evacuated both Naauwport and Stromberg, falling back on Middelburg and Queenstown. The British are finding increasing trouble in protecting the long line of Cape Colony railway and telegraph communications through disaffected districts from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Port Alfred, and East London. From De Aar northwards, the Cape-to-Cairo railway is apparently completely wrecked. Though Vryburg, Lobatsi, and other towns along the line have fallen, the last tidings from Kimberley, Mafeking, and even from Tuli reported those places still holding out against the Boers. Despite an apparently stout resistance, much anxiety is felt regarding these places. Troopships are arriving daily at Cape Town, but the first, conveying a large proportion of the entire contingent, were sent on to Durban. Lying in an undulating field-country, Kimberley has no natural defenses. In addition, it is dependent for water supply upon the Vaal River, now in the control of the Boers. The British force is said to consist of four thousand men; they are besieged by an army numerically at least twice as large. Kimberley is six hundred and fifty miles away from the British reinforcements at Cape Town; Mafeking is two hundred, and Tuli four hundred miles further north. The whole situation is thus summarized in the London "Naval and Military Record:"

> Considering the nature of the country, the lamentable unpreparedness of England, and the unwillingness of the opposition to allow a British regiment to go to South Africa until President Kruger's ultimatum was received, it is almost surprising that we have been able to hold our own so far. Not only have the Boers proved themselves determined fighters and splendid sharpshooters, as we knew them to be, but they have developed surprising military and strategic qualities. They have nearly surrounded every garrison we hold, and have invariably occupied almost unassailable positions, fighting with great courage. Against such fighters our little force, left isolated far from our base and without hope of relief for days to come, has not only done splendid work but has gained successes which we venture to believe no other soldiers in the world, placed in similar positions and in similar unfortunate conditions, could have achieved.

❀

Hospital Ships for South Africa

The tangible evidence of an Anglo-American friendship of the peoples as well as the Governments is given in the generous offer by Mr. B. N. Baker, of Baltimore, of the steamship Maine, of the Atlantic Transport Line, to the English Government, free of every expense. This means a gift of from $4,000 to $5,000 per month, without counting the earning capacity of the ship. It will be remembered that the Missouri, offered by Mr. Baker, was accepted by the United States Government under like conditions during the Spanish-American war. The English Government has accepted the Maine, and she is now being equipped as a hospital ship in England with money raised by American women in London. Lady Randolph Churchill has taken charge of the American women's movement in London, and will go as their representative in the Maine to South Africa. The money already contributed by Americans towards meeting the expenses of the Maine's hospital service amounts to nearly $100,000. Only American nurses will serve on this ship. Twelve men from the Mills Training-School for Male Nurses of New York, and thirty women from the several women's schools for nurses, have sailed for England for service on the Maine. Tradesmen have been extremely generous in supplying stores. Two ships have been offered to the Red Cross: one, the Princess of Wales, is offered by the Duke of Newcastle; the other, tendered by an unknown donor, will have a complete Roentgen apparatus. The Princess of Wales is throwing her influence and energy into the work of the Red Cross. Money and stores to equip these vessels and supply nurses is pouring in. The

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Mansion House Fund for the care of the soldiers' families is rapidly increasing. The women in England have been stimulated to follow the example of the American women in the care of the sick and wounded soldiers in our own war.

❀

The Capture of Tarlac It is not too much to say that there has been more substantial gain in the military operations of the past two weeks in the Philippines than was made in months last spring. The occupation of Tarlac (entered on Monday morning without opposition by Colonel Bell's advance party) is not of enormous consequence in itself, but as evidence of the success of a concerted movement it is significant. To understand this movement it must be remembered that Tarlac is midway on the railway that runs north from Manila to Dagupan—a port on the Gulf of Lingayen; that Dagupan was successfully occupied last week, after some fighting, by General Wheaton, with a brigade carried by our war-ships and transports from Manila to San Fabian, a town a few miles northeast of Dagupan; and that thus an advance became possible from both north and south upon the temporary Filipino capital, Tarlac. From Angeles, on the railroad, which had been our advance post, General MacArthur has been leading his division northward, capturing small towns and driving back the enemy after trifling engagements; meanwhile General Lawton has led a column in a northeasterly direction, moving slowly because of floods and bad roads, until he occupied Cabanatuan, a town perhaps twelve miles east of the railroad and nearly as far north as Tarlac. It is evident that Aguinaldo's position was fast becoming untenable. General Wheaton, by moving toward the east from Dagupan and then coming south, might cut off the retreat to the range of mountains which divides the northernmost part of the island from the scene of recent operations; General Lawton might easily co-operate in this, and could block any attempt on Aguinaldo's part to escape around our right flank (the east) and to join the insurgents in the southern part of the island; retreat to the west would leave the insurgents shut in between the coast and our army; while MacArthur's advance threatened to force Aguinaldo's forces into a place where they would have to "fight to a finish," which is exactly what they do not desire. Precisely what has now become of Aguinaldo, his soldiers, and the Filipino Congress, appears to be in doubt. Last week it was rumored that, upon the news of General Wheaton's occupation of Dagupan, Aguinaldo had moved many miles into the mountains of the northeast to a place called Boambang, and this general course seems the most probable. From this point he might descend into the rich tobacco region in the north end of Luzon and make his way toward the north coast, or he might remain in the mountains, carry on a game of hide-and-seek with any forces sent to oppose him, and in general imitate the tactics used by the Cubans in their eastern province against Spain. His difficulty in getting supplies would be great, and some of the mountain tribes are said to be hostile to him. The latest reports, however, declare that Aguinaldo did not escape to the northeast, and is in great danger of being surrounded. However this may be, our army has now practically cleared a fairly wide strip of territory in the western part of Luzon from Manila to Dagupan, and it is probable that the policy will be adopted of holding all this permanently, establishing peaceable and good government, showing the natives that the United States means to act for the ultimate good of the Filipino people, and later taking up one by one the problems of further extension of the territory controlled by our forces as circumstances indicate.

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The Sultan of Sulu An article on another page gives an interesting account of the Moros of the Sulu Archipelago and their chief. This article will throw some light on the supposed arrangement entered into by General Bates and the Sultan of Sulu, recently referred to in our columns. There are those who will hold that the United States ought not to suffer either polygamy or slavery to exist under its flag, and that if it cannot immediately abolish polygamy and slavery in the Sulu Archipelago, it ought not to allow its flag to be raised there. To the objection that the attempt to abolish polygamy and slavery by force instantly would lead to a

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long, costly, and perhaps futile war, the answer will readily be made that this war may be avoided by simply not assuming any governmental responsibility for the Sulu group. To those who believe that the Government is responsible for every evil continued under its flag, and that instant and immediate abolition of wrong, at least so far as the law can operate, is demanded by the interests of morality, the objection to even a silent acquiescence in polygamy and slavery will be absolute and unanswerable. In our opinion the way in which Providence, as interpreted by the Mosaic dispensation, dealt with both these evils in the early history of Judaism indicates a better solution of the problem than that afforded by instant and immediate abolition. The truth is that the vice of polygamy is not chiefly in the multiplicity of wives, but in the unbridled licentiousness which leads to a multiplicity of wives, and the evil of slavery is not primarily in the absolute control of one man by another man, but in the selfishness and the despotic spirit which lead to such absolute control. The question for the moralist, therefore, is how to get rid of licentiousness and selfishness; the question of legal reform is how to get rid of the special forms which licentiousness and selfishness take on, in the speediest practicable manner and with the most practicable direction. The Mosaic method was to surround both polygamy and slavery with such restrictions, and to accompany this legislative action with such ethical education, as would on the one hand make the maintenance of the evil organization difficult, and would on the other hand remove the motive which led to it. So efficacious was this method that at the time of Christ it is doubtful whether any orthodox Jew had more than one wife or owned a single slave, and today there is probably no chaster race on the face of the globe than the Hebrew race, nor one more industrious and self-reliant. Whether America should assume responsibility for the Sulu Archipelago or not is a difficult question; but if it does so, statecraft and morality combine to recommend a course of gradual abolition and emancipation, accompanied by educative influences, rather than instant and immediate abolition enforced by the sword.

Lord Salisbury's Guildhall Speech

No living statesman commands such an audience as does the Marquis of Salisbury, the British Premier. One reason is that no living statesman has had his experience. Another and a greater is the fact that, repudiating the jingoism, at once aggressive and mysterious, which characterized him when, two decades ago, he helped make the Treaty of Berlin, he has long since come into that calm, quiet, assured, forceful frame of mind and of speech which accomplishes such a triumph as that of Fashoda last year almost as a matter of course. All of Lord Salisbury's speeches command instant attention, not only among his own followers in the Conservative party, but also and equally among Liberals and Radicals. They not only command attention in England, but are read with keenest interest in every European capital, and, indeed, throughout the world. While any of the Premier's utterances finds this world audience, his annual addresses at the London Guildhall Banquet, following the induction of a new Lord Mayor, have come to have almost the authority of the Sovereign's speeches in the opening or closing of Parliament. Last week, at the Guildhall, Lord Salisbury's speech was a good example, not only of that lucidity of which he is a master, but also of a notable frankness and directness of utterance; he often pays his auditors the compliment of apparently taking them into his confidence. His remarks were naturally in the main devoted to a discussion of the war in South Africa. To the criticism that the want of troops there during the past five weeks has been due to a lack of action on the part of the home Government, Lord Salisbury said that it would have been nothing to the purpose to have issued calls for reserves some weeks earlier. What was the cause of the war? "It was because we had taken measures to increase the amount of our forces in South Africa. If that had been done a few months sooner, exactly the same result would have taken place. The moment you had shown signs of raising your force to an equality with the force opposed to it, that moment the ultimatum would have been issued and war would have begun." According to Lord Salisbury, the root of the whole South African imbroglio is found

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in the arrangements of 1881 and 1884, by which a community, obviously hostile, was permitted to enjoy the unlimited right of accumulating munitions of war which could be directed only against Great Britain. The Prime Minister repudiated the charge that, as one of the members of a recent French Cabinet had asserted, the war had for its object "the gratification of the lusts of greedy lords who desired a partition among themselves of the gold and diamonds of the Transvaal." He declared that England as a whole would have no advantage from the possession of the gold-mines, except as her Government conferred the blessings of good administration upon those engaged in the industry. "All successful industry breeds commerce," added he, "and all commerce has produced it to the advantage of England." He believed that all industries and commerce flourished better under her government than under any other régime in the world. The history of the British colonies, colonies unoppressed industrially, financially, politically, religiously, amply justified the concluding sentence on South Africa:

Whenever we are victorious, we shall consult the vast interests committed to our care. Vast duties lie upon us to perform, and, taking counsel of the uniform traditions of our colonial government and of the moderation and equal justice to all races of men which it has been our uniform practice to observe, I do not doubt we shall so arrange that the issue of this conflict will confer good government upon the area where it rages and give the security, sorely needed, against the recurrence of any such dangers and the necessity of any such future exertion, and for the restoration of peace and civilization to that portion of the world.

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Anglo-American-German Friendship

Lord Salisbury's remarks on the Samoan settlement are referred to elsewhere. Lord Salisbury emphatically declared that Germany was one of the great Continental States with which "for many years we have entertained relations of sympathy and friendship beyond others." Later he remarked: "Our relations with the German people are all that we could desire." We in the United States may be tolerably sure of one thing, namely, that the Anglo-American friendship hastened the Anglo-German, and in its turn the latter only strengthens the former, as may be seen from Lord Salisbury's happy reference:

For several years our relations with and cordial feeling toward our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic have been constantly growing, and, though neither we interfere in the affairs of their continent nor they interfere in the affairs of ours, we feel we can now always look for sympathy and a fair hearing among those who share with us so vast a mission for the advancement of mankind. . . . I have noted as one of the cheering symptoms of the present time the happy relations existing between the United States and ourselves, and the sympathy with which we watch their approach toward the same great problems that we ourselves have had to solve.

On the following night Mr. Choate, our Ambassador to Great Britain, was the chief guest at the annual banquet of the Walter Scott Club at Edinburgh, and thus replied to Lord Salisbury's words of the previous evening. Sir Herbert Maxwell, who presided, made a cordial reference to "the friendship that seals England and America." In the course of a speech proposing the toast to literature, Mr. Choate said:

Truly your country and mine are connected by bonds of sympathy that were never stronger and closer than they are at this very hour. I can assure you that Lord Salisbury's generous and cordial words at the Lord Mayor's banquet yesterday will meet with a quick and hearty response beyond the Atlantic. It has been said by a great thinker that "Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war," and this ironclad friendship which now prevails between these two kindred nations is her latest and greatest victory. It means peace not merely between your country and mine, but among all the great nations of the earth, and it tends, by advancing civilization, to promote the welfare of the whole human race.

Something of such an Anglo-American friendship may one day characterize the now budding Anglo-German understanding. It is likely to change our own relations with Germany. Unpleasant Manila memories will be forgotten in the discussion of mutually profitable interests, whether in partitioning Samoa or in drawing up a much-needed trade-treaty. For the development of the world's commerce and the world's civilization in the twentieth century, the most cheering sign of this end of the nineteenth is the accord now existing between the Governments of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. Almost everything that could be said for an Anglo-American union may also be said for that larger race-generalization,

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The sturdy force which snatched civil liberty at Runnymede and at Lexington is now joined by a force, perhaps inferior to it in such strivings, even if we remember the heroic days of 1813, but one that has done the grandest deeds ever accomplished in the intellectual world by providing for an unparalleled freedom of teaching and opportunity of being taught. This is what constitutes Germany's real strength, from the days of Luther to those of Harnack, and the effect is felt in an enlightened commerce as it is wherever science and religion and law and philosophy are taught. Beyond all colonial or commercial or intellectual profit, however, there lies the relationship of blood. The Teutonic races must not, dare not, resist that primal force. Fortunately, it is a force making in the long run for the world's peace and progress.

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The Division of Samoa The Governments of Great Britain and Germany appear to be not merely satisfied but elated over the agreement reached by them for the partition of the Samoan islands, while our own Government apparently regards it as at least acceptable. Under this agreement the United States takes Tutuila with its harbor of Pago Pago —already ours; Great Britain withdraws altogether. Germany takes Upolu (the central island and far the most important of the group), Savaii (the largest island, but of little value), and all the islets except those closely adjacent to Tutuila, which go with it. In compensation to Great Britain for its waiver of claims, Germany gives up its claims on the Tonga and Savage Islands (near the Fiji group already belonging to Great Britain), and cedes two large islands in the Solomon group (San Isabel and Choiseul), also near to other British possessions. In addition Germany promises to join other nations concerned in abandoning extra-territorial rights in Zanzibar, and to join in a mixed commission to draw a line of division between the British Gold Coast possessions in Africa and German Togoland—this being practically a division of a neutral zone or undetermined territory. Probably the whole agreement is part of a larger understanding between Germany and England elsewhere referred to. Lord Salisbury in his speech already summarized laid great stress on the fact that England had little use for islands unless they furnished good harbors, and that she was exchanging the very bad harbor in Upolu for an "inimitable" harbor in Tonga. Germany, on the other hand, has built up a considerable commerce in Samoa, and of course her industrial policy as to colonies is totally different from that of England. Lord Salisbury declared that the arrangement afforded "a very remarkable phenomenon, an agreement which is agreeably pleasant and advantageous to both Powers."

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American Interests The interest of the United States in the Samoan question is twofold: first, with reference to our own future development and advantage; second, for the general progress of civilization and the protection of the Samoans themselves from unfair treatment. As to the first interest, although the United States gets very little in the way of new concession, as Tutuila, apart from the coaling station of Pago Pago, is of little consequence, yet the full recognition of our right to that station and its neighborhood is of real value. What is of use to us from the military and commercial points of view is the establishing of coaling and naval stations from San Francisco to China; and Honolulu and Pago Pago divide the distance from San Francisco to Australia into three not very unequal distances. Our commerce with Samoa is slight, the number of our citizens resident there very small; much as Americans might prefer to see Great Britain rather than Germany dominant in Samoa, we certainly cannot force our view in this respect against the united desire of the two other nations concerned. In short, the United States, as the third party to the present treaty, has all the disadvantage of a one-third minority against a two-thirds majority, and should be content if its main interest is not attacked, even if it cannot have all things as it might wish. The tripartite protectorate has been a failure from the start—foreordained to be a failure in the nature of things. Independence of the Samoans, whatever may once have been the possibility, is hardly conceivable after the tripartite experi-

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ment. It is true that Secretary Bayard said in 1885:

> It is thought that we have a moral right to expect that no change of native rule shall extinguish the independence of the islands, and if such a change should be brought about by foreign interference and with the ulterior purpose or result of transferring the domination over the Samoan group to a single foreign flag, we should feel bound to dissent from such a proceeding.

It is also true that in 1889 Secretary Whitney said: "A harbor at Samoa will become of national consequence to us in the future as a naval power, but if the islands are to go under German dominion it would cease to be of use to us." The events of the last year in Samoa, however, made it imperative that some solution should be found. The change in international relations between the United States, England, and Germany has been great. Unless we are prepared to dispute with Germany for absolute control, no other course than acceptance of German rule in Samoa appears feasible. It is to be hoped that Germany will exercise a wiser system of colonial development in Samoa than she has used in some other of her colonial experiments. The education, protection, and advancement of this interesting people ought not to be lost sight of or extinguished by ruthless absolutism.

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Chino-American Commerce

The Department of State is now carrying on particularly important negotiations with the representatives of foreign governments regarding the protection of our commercial relations with the Chinese Empire. The Department is endeavoring, to the best of its ability, to maintain all existing commercial relations and to avoid any possible diminution of them. Our treaties with China must be respected in the regions over which new "spheres of influence" are being extended. With this in view, welcome statements have been made by the representatives of England, Germany, and Russia. England, of course, adheres to her time-honored "open-door" policy. In agreeing to give to our citizens the same commercial privileges in Kiao-chau Bay and the adjoining district as are enjoyed by her own subjects, Germany has now officially intimated a willingness to follow England's lead in this matter, and we thus have an additional proof of the new Anglo-German understanding. While, unfortunately, France has not yet spoken, Russia, that other and more redoubtable protectionist power, declares that the United States enjoys the advantages of the widest open door for trade at Russo-Chinese ports that has ever existed between nations. Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington, declares that the port of Taliawan is open by Imperial ukase to all the world, but especially to the manufactures of the United States, because Russian agents are now engaged in placing large contracts for steel rails and rolling stock for the Trans-Siberian Railroad. No discriminations are made against the commerce of any nation. Count Cassini adds:

> There might reasonably be some complaint that Russia has endeavored to foster trade with the United States in every manner possible. Not only is the Imperial Government a strong buyer of American products, but, so far as possible, private contracts are influenced in that direction, for the obvious purpose of facilitating the transportation of these vital necessities of the Government. If the United States desires a sphere of influence in China, there it is in Manchuria ready and waiting.

We hope that the Ambassador may be no less explicit in a special statement as to Niuchang, another Manchurian seaport, where there is a larger proportion of American trade than at any other port on the Chinese coast. The important fact in all these negotiations is that, though the United States remains protectionist in home policy, in foreign it stands for the "open door"—that is, that territories coming under the control of the so-called Christian Powers shall all be open to the trade of all. The treaty with Spain, by which we guaranteed to that country the same trade facilities with the Philippines that we enjoy ourselves, was our first step in following England's admirable example in colonial policy; a second step is now being taken in the praiseworthy attempts of our State Department. Will not these steps have an inevitable reaction on our home policy? We believe and hope that they will.

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The Election Returns

In reporting the results of the elections last week, it is natural to compare them with those of a year ago. In doing this, how-

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ever, it is necessary to bear in mind that in 1898 the Republicans secured a majority of fifteen in the House of Representatives and carried twenty-seven States, controlling 293 electoral votes out of 447. In the New England States the only important election last week was that in Massachusetts. Here the campaign was fought upon National issues. The Democratic State Convention strongly indorsed the Chicago platform, and as strongly condemned the policy of the Administration in the Philippines. The Republican Convention strongly indorsed the gold standard, and on the Philippine question adopted a plank as satisfactory to Senator Hoar as to Senator Lodge. The Republican majority was reduced by eighteen thousand, but sixty-five thousand still remained. In the Franklin-Hampshire district the anti-imperialist Senator Parsons ran for re-election as an Independent, uniting Democratic and anti-Administration Republican votes, and he was defeated by only six hundred votes in a district which gave the Republican candidate for Governor a majority of three thousand. How far this indicates personal popularity of the candidate, how far approval of his anti-Administration views, it is not easy to tell. In the old Middle States the campaigns this year were not, as a rule, fought upon National issues. In New York and New Jersey there were no State tickets or State platforms, while in Pennsylvania and Maryland the Democrats insisted that only State issues were directly involved. In New York and New Jersey the Republicans made material gains, and in Pennsylvania and Maryland suffered losses, Maryland passing under Democratic control. West of the Alleghanies National issues were to the front except in Kentucky, where enough Silver Democrats refused to vote for the machine candidate, Mr. Goebel, to give an apparent majority to the Republican candidate for Governor. The Democrats, however, carried the Legislature by a substantial majority, and secured the United States Senatorship, which was at stake. In Ohio the Administration was indorsed by a Republican plurality of nearly fifty thousand for the head of the ticket and about twenty thousand for most of his associates. Comparisons with previous years are difficult because of the Independent vote of more than one hundred thousand for Mayor Jones, and personal and factional controversies in both the Democratic and the Republican parties. In Iowa the Republicans nearly reached their high-water mark of last year, when they had over sixty thousand plurality. The Democratic appeals to the German voters on the issue of imperialism distinctly failed. Whatever the attitude of these Germans toward expansion, they were generally unwilling to indorse the free coinage of silver. In Nebraska Mr. Bryan gained a brilliant victory. The Fusionists made slight gains in the towns and unprecedented gains in the farming districts. The Fusion plurality is over fourteen thousand, as against three thousand last year and thirteen thousand in 1896. How far this indicated the personal popularity of the "favorite son," how far an anti-expansion sentiment, is not clear. In South Dakota and Kansas so light a vote was polled, especially in the rural districts, that the Republican gains in the former and possible losses in the latter cannot be treated as significant. In Kansas only county offices were at stake. In Virginia the Republicans this year made practically no contest, and in Mississippi had no ticket in the field. The pluralities in the contested States were as follows:

	1898.	1899.
Massachusetts	83,000 R.	65,000 R.
New York	18,000 R.	35,000 R.
New Jersey	5,000 R.	15,000 R.
Pennsylvania	152,000 R.	107,000 R.
Maryland	6,000 R.	12,000 D.
Kentucky	12,000 D.	1,000 R.
Ohio	61,000 R.	49,000 R.
Iowa	63,000 R.	56,000 R.
Nebraska	3,000 Fusion	14,000 F.
South Dakota	400 "	5,000 R.

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The Non-Partisan Campaign

The campaigns against bossism in the various States met with varying success. In this city the fusion of the Independent Labor party with the Republicans failed at the polls, but has to its credit the forcing of Tammany to nominate better candidates than usual and to pledge itself as never before to the immediate construction of a municipal rapid-transit system. The Democratic Committees, State as well as local, supported the amendment authorizing the increase in the debt limit of this city, to provide

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the funds. In this city the vote for it was nearly unanimous, while up the State—probably because of the Democratic Committee's action—about half of the voters supported it. The result only proves again that "machines" are implements which democracy must learn to use, and not hope to destroy. In Pennsylvania the fight against the Quay machine and in behalf of ballot reform was the predominant cause of the Democratic gains. Judge Brown, the Republican candidate acceptable to the reformers, had a majority nearly thirty thousand greater than the head of the ticket. In Kentucky the Democratic revolt against Goebel retained more life than was feared when Mr. Bryan's tour of the State forced National issues to the front. Eight thousand votes were polled for ex-Governor Brown, the free-silver anti-imperialist Democrat, who ran as an Independent, and the stay-at-home vote among Democratic farmers was even greater. Unfortunately, an error in the printing of the ballots in one of the Republican counties may throw the contest into the Legislature, where the Democratic majority of nearly two to one may be used to seat the party candidate. The strongest expression of popular hostility to bossism, however, was in Ohio, where Mayor Jones actually carried the cities of Cleveland and Toledo, and polled an unprecedented vote in all the manufacturing centers. In Cleveland, where Mr. Hanna's unpopularity reduced the Republican vote and the refusal of the Democratic organ to support McLean reduced the Democratic vote, the official returns for the county were as follows: Jones, 36,000; Nash, 21,000; McLean, 7,000. In his own home, Toledo, and in Cincinnati—where independent Republicans fused with the Democrats against Boss Cox—a little more than half of Mayor Jones's vote seems to have come from Republicans, but elsewhere the bulk of it seems to have come from the Democrats and the Populists. In the rural districts the old Populists supported him almost *en masse*, because he put direct legislation and direct nomination to the front as the remedies for partisanship and bossism. The popularity of the man and the platform upon which he carried on his vigorous campaign were the astonishing political development of the year.

Meaning of the Elections

It is not easy to interpret the National significance of such local elections, partly because the people are coming more and more to learn that State and local elections should be determined by State and local, not by National, considerations; partly because personal issues come in to affect such elections, which are lost sight of when a National election takes place; partly because the majorities in Nebraska or Ohio fail to demonstrate and hardly even indicate what might be the majority in an election in which the whole Nation participates. On the whole, however, it appears to us that the New York "Evening Post," which has been a vigorous anti-Administration newspaper, fairly interprets the net result of Tuesday's somewhat confused indications. That paper finds in them an indorsement of the Administration on the question of expansion, and explains the majority in Nebraska as a personal tribute to Mr. Bryan. At the same time it justly, as it appears to us, interprets the vote as rather a disapproval of the opposition to expansion than as an enthusiastic approval of it. In general, when a democracy has to choose between a definite policy proposed and a no-policy in opposition, it is pretty sure to approve the former. The following is the "Evening Post's" interpretation:

> Votes by the tens of thousands have been given to Republican candidates, with the knowledge that they would be interpreted as an indorsement of expansion, by men who have had grave doubts as to the wisdom of that policy, but who saw no way of escape by supporting a heterogeneous opposition which has no principles. . . . It is not, therefore, an enthusiastic approval by the country of all that it has done in the Philippines which the McKinley administration has received. It is, rather, the conclusion of the people that Bryanism cannot be accepted as a safe way out of a perplexing situation, in which there is wide regret that we have become involved.

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Romish Temporal Power

It is interesting to note that in Italy, Spain, and France many, perhaps most, Roman Catholic prelates remain uncompromising temporalists. To gain the desired end, in Italy the founding of a federal republic is recommended, by which a system of nominal sovereignty could be created for the Pope in Rome, thus insuring his effective independence without

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infringing on the principle of national integrity. It must be admitted, however, that, while Italian Republicans are no longer so imbued with traditional anti-clericalism as formerly, on the other hand, the Roman prelacy, enlightened by the liberality of the Pope, are no longer so prejudiced against republican institutions. Failing the establishment of such a republic in Italy as might restore some semblance of power to the Papacy, the Italians of the New World think that such a republic might possibly be established in South America. The present titular Primate of South America is the Archbishop of Toledo in Spain, who is still called "Patriarch of the Indies." He would be a natural leader in any restoration of temporal power; he certainly is in his own country, where, to insure a return of papal temporal power, he and his brother prelates have been coquetting with Carlism as much as have certain other Roman Catholics in France with a restoration of Orleansism.

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The Brick Church

The course pursued by the Brick Presbyterian Church of this city in relation to the retirement of Dr. van Dyke and the selection of a successor might be studied with profit by other churches as a model of a Christian and rational method of dealing with a situation which often provokes unrest, dissatisfaction, and sometimes division for lack of foresight and good sense. When Dr. van Dyke announced his acceptance of the chair of English Literature at Princeton University, he announced also that he should remain in the pulpit of the Brick Church until a successor had been selected. His resignation was placed in the hands of the congregation, but it was not acted upon, and it will not be acted upon until his successor has accepted the call which has now been extended. At a meeting of the session of the church a series of resolutions was agreed upon to be presented to the congregation, and this was done on Wednesday night of last week. At a meeting of the congregation held on that evening the Rev. Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, of Baltimore, was presented as the unanimous choice of Dr. van Dyke, the sessions, the deacons, and the board of trustees. This recommendation was thereupon unanimously adopted by the congregation, and a committee appointed to wait upon Dr. Babcock and invite him to the ministry of the Brick Church. Until he is able to come to New York, or, in the event of his refusing to come, until the pulpit is filled, Dr. van Dyke will continue to minister to his old congregation. Among the resolutions presented on behalf of the session and unanimously adopted by the congregation was one approving of Dr. van Dyke's plan "for carrying forward the work and worship of this church without a break in its energy and without a vacancy in its pastorate. We believe that the Christian wisdom and practical simplicity of this plan will commend it to every member of a congregation absolutely united as ours is in spirit and purpose." It is to be hoped that this resolution will also commend itself to other congregations similarly situated. The manner of Dr. van Dyke's withdrawal from his pastoral relations with his church has been on a level with the dignity, the directness, and the Christian spirit of his entire ministry—a ministry sustained on a very high intellectual level, penetrated with an almost passionate earnestness, and wisely directed to ends which were both high and attainable.

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Dr. Sweetser on Unitarian and Universalist Union

Dr. Edwin C. Sweetser, in the Universalist "Leader" for October 7, presents with great frankness and great vigor the objection entertained by a portion of the Universalist body to the proposed union of the Universalists and Unitarians in one denomination. His statement of the difference between the two denominations, as he understands it, is put clearly and concisely in the following paragraph:

> Agreeing as they do in some respects, they nevertheless differ in that vital respect so widely as to make it impossible for them to promote the interests of Christianity by uniting their forces. Not till the Unitarians accept Jesus Christ as the Universalists do will it be advisable for the two bodies to adopt such a plan as the Unitarians have suggested. Nothing but injury could come from it to the Universalist Church or to the cause of pure Christianity. For the Universalist Church is avowedly and unequivocally and positively Christian. It has been so from the beginning. Not accepting the Trinitarian belief in his

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Deity, it stands firmly on the ground that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and the rightful Lord of all mankind. Its first authoritative creed expressed its belief in "one God, revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ;" and its latest declaration of principles affirms "the spiritual leadership and authority of His Son, Jesus Christ;" whereas the Unitarian Church expressly disavows belief in either the Lordship, the Christhood, or the Divine Sonship of Jesus. It refuses to call him the Lord, or the Christ, or the Son of God. Some of its members are willing to call him so—especially some of its older members, and of its devout women not a few—but the Unitarian body as a whole has put itself on record in the most positive manner as not believing in this fundamental postulate of Christianity.

It is not for us to determine whether Dr. Sweetser correctly interprets either the Unitarian or the Universalist position, but it appears to us certain that the question which his article raises ought to be frankly met and fully considered before any union between the two denominations is effected. The disadvantages of attempting an organic union where there is no spiritual unity as a basis have been often illustrated. If it is true that the Universalist Church centers its religion about Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the rightful Lord of all mankind, and seeks the secret of its power in the revelation and provision of divine mercy made through him, and further true that the Unitarian Church does not do this, whatever individual Unitarians may do, but regards agreement in ethical law as a sufficient basis for church unity, the difference between the two denominations is real and vital, and any organic union attempted would be unreal and would not add to the real efficiency of either body.

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Citizen Sunday

We are glad to record the fact that this year "Citizen Sunday" in London was observed with appropriate discourses by over three hundred clergymen. Such a custom might well be established in this country. Particularly impressive sermons were preached by Canon Barnett, Drs. Horton and Clifford. Canon Barnett urged upon his hearers that the great want of present-day citizenship was religion. "Those who commune with God find themselves at once in communion with their fellow-men. Perhaps they go to God with a consciousness of their own rights and wrongs, but they discover a society in which they have not only rights, but duties. Men and women who visit the kingdom of heaven are sure to return to the kingdom of earth, for duty is born in the kingdom of heaven." "If people only met together in the city of God," added Canon Barnett, "their treatment of each other in the city of London would be different." The main topic of most of the discourses was the "No room to live" problem. The statement has been made that there are no less than four hundred thousand persons in London who occupy single rooms; there are reports of houses in which children are born to certain death, and where health to any one is impossible. In discussing measures of reform, Canon Barnett declared that if Londoners were only religious enough the solution would be speedily found. "Even a few citizens with a knowledge of God, and therefore familiar with the streets of the city of God, could drive out of London that indolence which hates to be troubled, that ignorance which sells the future for drink, and that selfishness which makes a few houses surpassingly luxurious and leaves many houses unfit for human habitation. A deeper religion is the one necessity of social reform." England is now at war to right the wrongs of the Outlanders in the Transvaal, said Dr. Horton, but those wrongs do not at all approach the injustice of the overcrowded poor under our eyes. Dwellings in suburbs and means of communication could be made at a cost not one-tenth that of the Transvaal war. After declaring that the rent of land should go in all its advantage to the whole of the people, Dr. Clifford urged that, meanwhile, there was the way of the Incarnation, and that was not to say to the slum people, "Come and live with us," but to go ourselves and live in the slums. "If Christians had only kept to the way of the Incarnation, then they would have fought slumdom where slumdom was; they would have prevented it from getting to its present pitch of evil."

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Mission Schools in Japan

Last week representatives of the mission societies of the Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian, Reformed, Baptist, and Methodist Churches met in

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New York City to consider the recent action of the Japanese Government prohibiting religious teaching in the schools of Japan. The general belief expressed at the meeting was that when that Government is petitioned by all the missionary societies in union, schools founded on private funds will be permitted to conduct religious exercises; if not, then the missionary boards of America and Europe must abandon their educational work in Japan. Article XXVII. of the Constitution of Japan reads: "Japanese subjects shall, within limits not prejudicial to peace and order, and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects, enjoy freedom of religious belief." Despite this, by a stroke of the pen and without warning, Count Kabayama, Minister of Education, recently issued regulations concerning private schools which, with his accompanying "instruction," have precipitated a crisis. Article VIII. of these regulations is as follows:

> Excepting private common schools used as substitutes for public institutions of the kind, no private school may admit a child of school age who has not yet undergone the obligation of schooling. However, the foregoing provision shall not apply to cases where children, with the permission of the chief of a *shi*, *sho*, or *son* [local officials], in accordance with Articles XXI. and XXII. of the common-school regulations, are admitted.

The Articles last named refer to poor schools and to children under private tutors. To Article VIII. Count Kabayama appends the following "instruction:"

> It being essential, from the standpoint of educational policy, to make the work of general education entirely separate from religion, in government and communal institutions, and in others whose curriculum is determined by law, it shall not be allowed even at extra hours to give religious teaching or to perform religious ceremonies.

Not only are private schools compelled to become public schools in order to receive students, but all schools are compelled to abandon religious instruction even outside of regular hours. The Government thus withholds its sanction and privileges from schools in which religion is taught. The Minister's orders went into force immediately. Many newspapers, both Japanese and English, took ground against the Government's action. Public meetings were held at which resolutions were passed pointing out that the order contravened the spirit of the Japanese Constitution, which had granted religious liberty. The first of the mission schools to declare that it would surrender its privileges enjoyed from the Government and become a private school was the "Meiji Gakuyn," the Presbyterian school at Tokyo. Other schools felt that it was their duty rather to accord with the governmental regulations until the end of the school year in April next, and then, if there was no change in the Government's policy, to give up their privileges. Some schools were closed. The attendance at all has fallen off. There are about a hundred and twenty-five mission schools of all denominations in Japan, with nearly ten thousand students. Perhaps the crisis is not so great a one to the mission schools themselves as it is to the Japanese Government.

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President Wheeler's Inauguration

The inauguration of President Wheeler was not only very picturesque, but, as it should have been, highly characteristic of California. The procession, headed by Presidents Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, Jordan, of Leland Stanford Junior University, and Dr. Wheeler, made its way through the grove from Stiles Hall to the gayly decorated stand which had been erected on the Berkeley Oval. There were probably ten thousand people present, the University cadets acting as ushers for the occasion. A member of the Board of Regents presented Dr. Wheeler with a large golden key, symbolical of the government and custody of the University. President Jordan gave voice to the welcome and pledged the co-operation of the Leland Stanford Junior in the work of the new President. Dr. Gilman, as a former and very successful President of the University of California, and as a prophet who came back to find on every hand evidences of the fulfillment of his own predictions, was welcomed with the greatest cordiality. After congratulating the University on the call and acceptance of Dr. Wheeler, he gave a summary in broad outline of the recent progress of American universities, and then pointed out in detail some lines along which, in his judgment, the University of California should concentrate its

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strength in order to excel. When President Wheeler faced the great assemblage, he was received with contagious enthusiasm. His address touched briefly and pointedly on the present condition of university education, and with great emphasis and frankness brought into clear light the urgent needs of the University, laying particular stress on the need of a library.

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State Industrial Schools

The New York State Federation of Women's Clubs at its annual meeting in 1898 appointed a committee to draft a bill and to urge the Legislature to establish a State Industrial School for girls. This bill when presented to the Legislature was opposed by the State Board of Charities, because the State already made liberal provision for institutions for children, in all of which provision was made for the industrial training of girls. The failure to secure the passage of the bill brought the matter for discussion before the Federation meeting just closed at Rochester, N. Y. At this meeting, after the fullest discussion, resolutions were passed declaring that the Federation gave cordial support to the idea of trade schools or schools for girls in which domestic science in all its branches should be taught; that it pledged itself to petition the Legislature to make annual appropriations for five years to establish such schools under the State Department of Public Instruction. The resolutions pledged the Federation to establish such a school in a crowded section of the city of New York. This proposition should receive the enthusiastic support of the women of New York. It will be the first step toward securing manual and domestic science high schools as a part of the public-school system of the city. Certainly these schools are as greatly needed to increase the wage-earning capacity of girls as the Commercial High School is needed to increase the wage-earning capacity of boys. Such a school would dignify manual labor for girls, would give to it the intellectual quality of which it is deprived by the failure of the educational authorities to recognize that there is a higher education in domestic science. The women of the State should endeavor to secure a separate institution for the girls now in the State Industrial School at Rochester, N. Y. A commission has been appointed by the Legislature to secure a site for the State Industrial School, now in the city of Rochester, in the country. When this change is made, it will be feasible to separate the boys and girls, and to put the girls on a farm, where, in addition to industrial training, training can be given in the care of the dairy and its products, horticulture, and the care of poultry. The desirability of separating the sexes in our reform schools has been demonstrated; providing out-of-door employment for girls as well as boys will be a long step in advance, not only in education, but also in penology. It is to be hoped that the sentiment of the women of the State will be felt at Albany strongly enough to compel separate provision for the girls in the State Industrial School at Rochester. The membership of the Federation is thirty thousand. United sentiment would make the Federation a power to be reckoned with even by a Legislature.

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A Common-Sense Law Decision

It is gratifying to the popular desire that legal rulings should conform with plain common sense to learn that the English Court of Appeal has reversed the copyright decision in the Times-Rosebery case. The lower court held, in brief, that a newspaper acquired such an ownership in its reporter's version of a public speech that the author of the speech himself could not thereafter publish those speeches in that form without the consent of the paper; that Lord Rosebery, for instance, in this case, *might* have copyrighted his speeches before delivering them, but, as he did not, he lost all power of restraining their publication by others from notes taken when they were made. The decision did not go so far, of course, as to prevent Lord Rosebery from publishing his own version of the speeches. The Court of Appeal now holds that the lower court had gone to an absurd extreme. "I think," said the Master of the Rolls to counsel, "that you are asking us to turn this Copyright Act, which was for the benefit of authors, into an act for the benefit of reporters. That a reporter is an author within the meaning of the act is to

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my mind subversive of the true idea of copyright." And Mr. Augustine Birrell, in a witty and forcible argument, said:

> In the present case there was not the originality or the skill necessary to constitute the reporter an "author." The originality, the humor, were Lord Rosebery's; it would be absurd to attribute those qualities to the reporter; he had only endeavored to present the speeches to the public as they were delivered. He was no more the author than Milton's daughter was the author of the manuscript of "Paradise Lost," though it needed great skill to take it down from the lips of the composer. Transcription, even intelligent, could not confer copyright.

The Master of the Rolls, in response to a suggestion that it would be a great loss if the reports of the decisions of courts made by stenographic reporters were not protected, said grimly, "I do not agree that the 'Times' reporter is the author of my judgments!" It is said that the "Times" will still maintain the contest by a new appeal.

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The Way Out

It is hardly necessary to say that The Outlook disagrees in material points from the positions taken by Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon in his article "A Flaw in the Title?" printed on another page. It is apparently true that the Spanish Government agreed in 1897 to the expulsion of the monastic orders from the Philippine Islands, although no official copy of the agreement has been made public, and our knowledge of it is derived from American reports of Filipino reports of what that agreement contained. But it is not true that the United States stipulated "that the most oppressive of all the Spanish abuses, which Spain had promised to abate, shall be upheld and maintained forever by the arms of America." The Article to which Dr. Bacon refers ceded from Spain to the United States all the buildings and other property which "belong to the public domain, and as such belong to the Crown of Spain," and accompanied this cession with the declaration that "the relinquishment or cession, as the case may be, to which the preceding paragraph refers, cannot in any respect impair the property or rights which by law belong to the peaceful possession of property of all kinds, of provinces, municipalities, public or private establishments, ecclesiastic or civic bodies, or any other associations having legal capacity to acquire and possess territory in the aforesaid territories renounced or ceded, or of private individuals, of whatsoever nationality such individual may be." The effect of this Article is to leave the United States in possession of all the powers of sovereignty, whatever they may be, in the Philippine Islands; Spain does not, however, undertake to cede or transfer to the United States property rights vested by law in individuals or corporations. The United States will have over such property whatever authority a sovereign nation possesses over private property within its domain. That power would doubtless be exercised in the United States subject to the general principle, ratified and confirmed by Anglo-Saxon conscience and custom, that private property cannot be taken for public use without compensation. But the United States does not promise to uphold or maintain the abuses inflicted by the friars on the people of the Philippine Islands; it does promise not to take property legally and of right belonging to the Philippine friars, or to any one else, except by its right of eminent domain, and in accordance with law and justice. This is not a serious restriction. It may be assumed that the United States would not take such property in any other way, whether it had made any such pledge as this or not.

If we understand Dr. Bacon aright, he would meet the grievances of the Filipinos against the friars by the rough-and-ready method of confiscating the friars' property and expelling the friars from the island. We do not believe that the United States would pursue this course even if the treaty contained no clause whatever bearing on this subject. It is not the American method to condemn a class wholesale to confiscation and exile because of wrongs which some of the class have perpetrated in the past or are perpetrating in the present. There is a better way out, one more in accordance with the Anglo-Saxon sense of justice and with the spirit of the American citizen.

The title of the friars to the lands which they occupy is by no means indisputable. Some of these lands they have acquired by purchase; some, it is credibly

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believed, by seizure without law.[1] So soon as the sovereignty of the United States is established, a land court should be appointed whose business it should be to investigate the title of all lands held by corporations, religious or secular, certainly of all lands held by foreign corporations, in the islands of the archipelago. Where these lands are so held without any lawful title, they should be by legal procedure escheated to the State. Where they are held by just and lawful title, they should be purchased by the State at an appraised valuation. All such lands would then become like the crown lands in Canada or the public lands in the United States. The advance of civilization under an American protectorate, with a reasonable taxation and an industry free and encouraged, is certain to give an increased value to all such lands. In a comparatively short time the United States could sell or lease such public lands and repay itself all the cost of the original purchase plus the cost of the condemnation proceedings. By some such method as this the evils which Dr. Bacon forecasts would be avoided, the benefits to the people which he seeks to secure would be obtained. No injustice would be perpetrated; the spirit of revenge and of contempt for law would not be inspired in the Filipinos; hostility between Protestant and Catholic would not be excited in the United States; and, what is most important of all, the conscience and the reason of the Nation would not be shocked by a method of procedure wholly contrary to its spirit and its precedents.

We hope and trust that the Philippine Commissioners will consider the difficulty presented by this question of the friars, and will formulate some plan to meet those difficulties. In acknowledging its indebtedness to Dr. Schurman for the suggestion of this method, The Outlook does not in the least commit either him or the Commission to the plan here proposed.

[1] "Dr. Rizal challenged the priests to bring forward their titles. He said, 'If you will exhibit your title-deeds, it will be satisfactory for you and for us; I shall be satisfied, my agitation will end, the people interested round about will be satisfied, and you certainly will insure to yourselves tranquillity by settling this matter on the exhibition of your title-deeds;' and they could not do it. They would go to the length of intriguing for three or four years to bring about the execution of this Dr. Rizal rather than show their title-deeds, and we can only surmise that the title-deeds did not exist."—*John Foreman's testimony before the United States Peace Commission at Paris.*

The Case of Mr. Roberts

Mr. Brigham H. Roberts has been elected a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Utah. Shall he be admitted? This question will confront the House on its organization. It involves two questions: (1) Has the House any constitutional authority to exclude him? (2) If so, are there adequate grounds for his exclusion? We propose to consider these questions separately.

I. Article I., Section 5, of the Constitution of the United States provides that "each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." Article I., Section 2, declares that "no person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen." These are the only clauses of the Constitution which bear directly on the question. It is admitted that Mr. Roberts is over twenty-five years of age, has been more than seven years a citizen of the United States,[1] and was an inhabitant of the State of Utah when elected. Is he therefore entitled to a seat in the House of Representatives independent of all other considerations? or, to speak more accurately, is the State of Utah entitled to have him as its Representative? This question is answered affirmatively by those who contend that the power of the House to judge of the qualifications of its members is limited by the provisions requiring certain qualifications. According to this interpretation, all that the House has a constitutional authority to do is to determine whether the Representative is twenty-five years of age, has been a citizen of the United States for seven years, is a resident of the State which he claims to represent, and has been duly elected by that State.

In our judgment, this interpretation of the Constitution is not tenable.

The United States Constitution is not to be interpreted as though there were no precedent history. The Constitutional Convention had before it, as a kind

[1] This is generally admitted, though the claim has been made that he has forfeited his citizenship by being convicted of polygamy and so made ineligible to office, as explained further on in this article.

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of model, the unwritten constitution of Great Britain, from which country a majority of the colonists had come, bringing with them their religious faith, their common law, and their political institutions. These were radically modified in the light of the past experience of Great Britain and in view of the present needs of the new country. But the new instrument is to be read in the light of this antecedent history. In Great Britain the House of Commons was the absolute judge of the qualifications of its own members. Upon its authority so to judge there was no limitation whatever. If it decided unjustly, there was no remedy but to re-elect the same member, who might be again refused admission. This was historically established in the famous case of John Wilkes, who was four times elected and four times refused admission, before finally the House of Commons yielded to public sentiment and granted him his seat. The House of Commons could, if it chose, admit as a member a man under twenty-one, a man not a citizen of Great Britain, and not only could but habitually did admit men not residing in the district which they claimed to represent.

The Constitution of the United States, by making the House judge of the qualifications of its own members, conferred upon it all the power which the British unwritten constitution conferred on the House of Commons—except that it had not the power to admit any man unless he was under twenty-five years of age, had been for seven years a citizen of the United States, and was at the time of his election a resident of the State. This view of the Constitution appears to us to be confirmed by the peculiar language of Article I., Section 2. This section follows immediately after the one stating how Representatives shall be elected. It does not say that any man may be a Representative who is twenty-five years of age, etc.; it says that no man shall be a Representative unless he is twenty-five years of age, etc. Neither House can admit men who do not possess these qualifications; it does not follow that it cannot exclude men who are, in its judgment, otherwise disqualified. Suppose admission should be claimed by a Representative afflicted with an incurable, loathsome, and infectious disease, as leprosy for example; must he be admitted? Suppose a State or States should attempt to break up the Union of States, and for this purpose should elect Representatives who should come to Washington for the avowed purpose of aiding in this attempt; must they be admitted to a share in the councils of the Nation? Suppose the State of Missouri should send up Jesse James, a convicted felon, as a Representative, must the House admit him, notwithstanding the conceded fact that he was still directing the operations of his gang of train robbers? Must the House admit such a Representative and trust to the ability afterward to expel him by a two-thirds vote?

We do not so read the Constitution. We believe that the House has absolute authority, as the House of Commons has, as, in general, the popular body in all representative governments has, finally to determine whether any man sent up by any constituency is a fit man to represent the Nation—for he is a Representative of the entire Nation as well as of the local constituency. From partisan and otherwise unjust decisions there are two appeals and only two: one to the reason and the conscience of the House; the other to the reason and the conscience of the Nation, to which the House is always amenable.

II. Granting that the House of Representatives has constitutional authority to determine whether Mr. Roberts ought to represent his State in the House, are there adequate reasons for exercising it by his exclusion?

The fact that he is a Mormon constitutes no such reason. The religious faith of any man respecting God and the future world does not in America constitute any ground for his exclusion from any office. He may be atheist, agnostic, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Parsee, Mormon—what he will: the State officially knows nothing of the difference. The objection to Mr. Roberts is quite different. The facts on which that objection is based are as follows:

In 1862 the United States had forbidden bigamy; the first section of the law of 1882 amended the above and forbade, not only future polygamous marriages, but continued living in marriage with more than one woman. Violation of either portion of this law rendered the person committing the offense ineligible for election to any office in the United States. At that

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time Utah was a Territory, not a State, and the law applied to Utah. Mr. Roberts, in violation of that law, and subsequent to it, married three wives and lived with them; he was convicted of the offense in 1889 and served a term of imprisonment for the offense; and he was thereby made ineligible for election to any office in the United States. But in January, 1893, full amnesty was granted to all persons liable to prosecution under this statute, provided they had not continued in such unlawful marriage since November, 1890, and did in the future faithfully obey the law; and this amnesty was made absolute in 1894. If Mr. Roberts had complied with the conditions of this amnesty, his previous conviction would not make him ineligible to office. But he has not; on the contrary, he has continued to live in polygamy with his three wives. In 1896 Utah was admitted as a State. The law of the United States against polygamy then ceased to be operative, for that law was applicable only to the Territories, since only the Territories were under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal Government; but the admission of Utah was based upon a provision in the Constitution of the State forever prohibiting polygamy, and the laws of Utah are almost a literal re-enactment of the United States statutes, excepting the disqualification clause.

On this state of facts there are three objections to Mr. Roberts's admission to the House of Representatives: (1) That he has rendered himself legally ineligible to office under the United States by his violation of the law of 1882, and that ineligibility has not been removed by the subsequent amnesty because he has not complied with its conditions. (2) He has again rendered himself ineligible by living in polygamous relations subsequent to the amnesty and prior to the admission of the State. (3) He is now living in open violation of the statutes of the State which he claims to represent—statutes passed to carry into effect a clause in the Constitution which was made a condition precedent to the admission of Utah as a State.

In view of these facts, it seems to us clear that, under the Constitution, the responsibility for determining whether Mr. Roberts is eligible to represent his State rests with Congress, and that it cannot avoid that responsibility; that it has a clear moral duty, in the exercise of its constitutional powers, to refuse him admission; and that it is even doubtful whether it has the legal, and certain that it has not the moral, right to overrule an Act of Congress, adopted by both Houses and approved by the President, as it will have to do if it admits to a seat a convicted criminal still continuing in the perpetration of a crime which Congress by solemn Act has declared makes him ineligible to any office in the United States.

If the reader of this article is of the same opinion, he can, perhaps, make that opinion felt by writing to his Representative in Congress, giving expression to it, and either giving his reasons therefor or inclosing this article as a statement of those reasons, if he thinks it adequate.

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Some American Novels

Reports of the sales of books which are now collected and published in "The Bookman" and other literary journals are not always significant from the standpoint of art, but they are always interesting as disclosing public taste. A study of these lists brings to light a striking change which may or may not be significant. Three or four years ago nearly every novel which attained a great sale was from an English hand; at present all the novels which have attained wide popularity in this country are from American hands. The recent popular successes in fiction—Mr. Allen's "The Choir Invisible," Dr. Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," Mr. Churchill's "Richard Carvel," Mr. Westcott's "David Harum," Mr. Ford's "The Honorable Peter Stirling," Mr. Page's "Red Rock," and Miss Johnston's "Prisoners of Hope"—all bear American names on their title-pages, and deal with American subjects. In "Richard Carvel" Mr. Churchill takes his readers for a time to London, and some of the most interesting chapters in his story are those which describe English social and political life at the outbreak of the Revolution. But the London residence of Richard is an episode; the events which set the story in motion happen in America, and the events in which it finds its culmination happen in America; so that "Richard

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Carvel" is essentially a tale of American life.

These stories, moreover, deserve their popularity. Several of them promise to take permanent place in our literature; others may not live long, but in dignity, force, and quality they deserve the attention which they have received. The range of their character-portraiture is notable. Mr. Churchill and Dr. Mitchell recall some of the historical figures of the Revolutionary period, and create other figures which are still more lifelike and interesting. Mr. Page, in his careful study of the Reconstruction period in Virginia, brings into view the charming type of gentleman and gentlewoman which gave Virginian social life dignity and distinction in the old days. Mr. Allen, in a thoroughly romantic spirit, but with almost realistic precision and vividness, recalls the pioneer days in Kentucky, and against a semi-savage background brings into striking relief the personal refinement and dignity of his leading characters. Mr. Westcott has probably been read by a greater number of men than any American novelist in recent times, for the reason that he has succeeded in depicting with wonderful clearness a type of man in whom all men are interested, but for whom most women care very little. "David Harum" was a distinct addition to the living persons who move in American fiction; a homely, uncultivated man, with great natural shrewdness, native integrity, genuine kindness, inexhaustible humor, and that passionate love of a horse and a horse-trade which every man understands who has ever known the country. "David Harum" is a genuine American type, shrewd to the very edge of sharpness; a man who loves to make a bargain with a large credit on his own side, but whose natural hardness is redeemed by a natural sense of justice and by unfailing humor.

"The Honorable Peter Stirling" is by no means so fine a piece of work as some of the other stories which have shared great popularity in recent times, but it is the work of an able man, a very conscientious student, and a forcible writer. As a study of practical politics it is a distinct success. It brings into clear view political methods which are constantly touched by allusion in the columns of the newspapers, but are rarely explained to the uninitiated. "Peter Stirling" is another American type; a man of great natural force of character, who makes his way by sheer persistency, energy, integrity, and sympathy; who is a reformer without making a profession of reform, and who becomes a man of culture without losing for a moment his grip on the realities of life.

It will be seen from this rapid survey of a group of novels which have been read and enjoyed over the whole breadth of the continent that the American novelist is producing, for the time being at least, fiction which almost all men are reading, and that he is dealing very largely with themes of fresh and vital interest. The range of characters and the diversity of backgrounds which appear in these novels suggest the enormous territory occupied by the American people, and the wide differences of social ideals which exist between different parts of a country in which a common, mutual knowledge of different sections is essential to national unity, and especially to that imaginative unity which must precede a national art. These novelists are therefore serving the purpose, not only of interesting and refreshing their readers, but of making one section acquainted with another, and of bringing back to the consciousness of the men of to-day the character and services of the men and women of a century ago.

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Pastoral Letters

Child-Training

Dear Outlook: I greatly appreciated "A Letter to Any Mother" in one of the summer numbers of The Outlook. But I have not seen any article throwing light on the questions which I ventured to send about a year ago. When a child says, "Oh! that's a picture of God," or "Christmas is God's birthday," meaning, of course, Christ's, how would you explain the right use of the names without making her feel that God and Jesus are two distinct beings? Then the idea of God's being everywhere is so hard for a child to comprehend. One of my children asked, "Is God in Hartford?" "Yes." "Is he in Wethersfield?" (the next town). "Yes." "Then he must be a very long God." Another said, "If God is everywhere, he must be 'way down in my stomach; how can he get out?" Is it best to keep to the New Testament stories with young children? How would you explain the story

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of the ax floating on the water to older boys? Is it best to banish the old legends connected with Santa Claus and Christmas, which must deceive or at least misrepresent the truth to a child, and yet are so dear to us all? How better can the mystery and the sacredness of the Christmas time be impressed on the minds of young children? D.

Every mother ought to have a course in psychology as a preparation for motherhood. She should learn the difference between truth and fact, and that fiction is sometimes the very best vehicle for the conveyance of truth. She should understand the use of the imagination, and that it is a faculty to be trained and developed, not condemned and suppressed. She should learn the difference between theology and religion, and that the conceptions of the child, as of the race in its childhood, concerning God are necessarily crude, and that crude conceptions are not necessarily inconsistent with fine moral character. She should learn something concerning the limitations of the finite mind, and be quite willing to leave some things mysterious to-day that will be explained to-morrow, and some things mysterious always, never to be explained till the Great To-morrow dawns.

And yet—I am not sure that the mother would be much better for such a course in practical psychology. Mothers seem to know by instinct the best part of what is taught with labor in the class-room, and psychology, I sometimes think, only formulates the lessons which the mothers have learned of their children in the nursery. One thing is very certain—the mother should study the child and see how Nature, that is, God, has made the child, and adapt her training to the child nature. Education is not making the child over; it is helping the child to grow.

This mother asks more questions than I can answer, at least in a single letter like this. I can only suggest two principles, learned myself from other mothers, the application of which may throw light on her problems.

I. Never try to explain what you do not understand yourself. You tell your child that God is everywhere. What do you mean? Do you know exactly what you mean? Are you quite sure that you mean anything? or is this but a conventional phrase which you have taught your child because you think that it is proper to do so? What I mean, what I think most Christians really mean, is expressed by Whittier's verse:

> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care.

What I mean is that, wherever I am, I can speak to Him and He can hear and answer me; that, wherever I go, I cannot get beyond the sphere of His influence; whatever I do, I cannot conceal my doing from Him.

If this is what you mean, illustrations are at hand to explain your meaning. For instance: "To-night you will go to bed in your little crib; I shall not be in the room with you; you cannot see me; you will not know exactly where I am; but I shall be within call; and if you call me, I shall hear and come to you. So, I believe that somehow, I do not know how, God is within my call: I cannot see him; I do not know exactly where he is; but if I call on him he will hear me." So, again: Do you understand the relations between God the Father and Christ his Son? If you do, by all means explain them, if you can, to your child; but if you do not understand them yourself, do not try to explain them to your child. I do not understand them, so I should not try to explain them. If my child spoke of Christmas as God's birthday, I should let it pass without explanation. If he asked me how Christ could be God's Son, I should tell him, perhaps, something of the story of Christ's birth, and then I should say to him, "God is so great that we cannot understand him. So he sent Christ into the world, and told us that he was like Christ." Perhaps I would say to him, "How would you like to have me come to school some day, and be a little boy like you, and study and play as you do, and show you just how I should like to have you study and play?" And his eyes would sparkle, and he would say, "Wouldn't that be great fun?" "Yes," I would say, "it would be great fun; and I wish I could do it; but I cannot; but this is just what God has done; he has come to our earth to live with us to show us how he wants us to live; and that is why we study his life and why we love him so."

These are but illustrations, and it would be easy for a critic to find fault with them, and, what is more important, for the mother

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to improve on them; for it is audacious for a man to try to teach a mother how to teach her children. But they may serve to illustrate the first principle I want to make clear: Never attempt to explain what you do not understand yourself. Be entirely willing to leave as a mystery to your child what is a mystery to yourself.

II. The second principle is, Do not take life too seriously with your child. He is living in the play-time of life; live in the play-time of life with him.

You are passing through the sitting-room; he has two chairs harnessed together, a bit of string for reins, a chair and a sofa for a stage-coach, and is driving his high-spirited horses, and having a glorious time. You do not stop him and say, "My child, these are not horses, these are chairs; and this is not a pair of reins, it is only a bit of string which could not hold a pair of horses for a minute; and this is not a stage, it is only an old sofa." You hold up your hand and say, "Hold on, stage-driver! where you are going?" and when he says "To Wethersfield," you reply, "Just where I am going; will you take me?" And you get in, and he cracks his whip and starts his team, and you fall into conversation with him. If he whips his horses too much, you quote the example of the stage-driver who is his especial admiration; perhaps you even contrive a little socket for his whip. You enter into his child life and share it with him.

Why not share all his child illusions, including his Santa Claus? He will learn the serious side of life soon enough. Let him live in the world his imagination makes, and live with him there, and so prepare him to live in the other and real world when he gets older. The boy who drives a team of chairs is learning to drive a pair of horses; the girl who nurses a doll through scarlet fever is taking a first lesson in the more serious nursing of future life. Imagining life is God's way of preparing us for real life: take advantage of it. And in doing so do not be too didactic; first be yourself a child; live with your child; share your child's life; and let the influence of your presence do its own teaching.

These two principles would answer your questions as to the Bible. You must teach it according to your understanding of it, not according to mine. But my understanding of it is that in it God makes use of fiction and fancy as well as of fact and philosophy; and if any one asks, How can we tell what is fiction and what is fact? I answer, We often cannot, and it does not matter. Many of the Old Testament stories I believe are to be regarded as Hebrew folk-lore, the sort of stories which mothers told their children in the long ago; stories whose value consists, not in their adherence to fact, but in their illustration of truth. The Samson stories are of this kind; so are the Daniel stories; so are the Elisha stories. They are the Jack and the Beanstalk and the Cinderella of the ancient Hebrews. They differ from Cinderella and Jack and the Beanstalk in probably having some more historical foundation, and certainly in having an explicit religious moral inwrought into them. I should tell the stories exactly as I found them in the Bible, without even considering the question whether they are fact or fiction, history or imagination. It would be time enough to consider that question when the child raised it. When he did, I should in answer give him my conviction, whatever that conviction might be. My conviction being what it is, my answer to him would be something like this: "There was certainly a man named Elisha; a good man; a great preacher; a great statesman"—and I would stop and explain a little what the word statesman means—"and he did great things for his nation; and a great many stories came afterwards to be told about him, as a great many stories have been told about Abraham Lincoln. But it was so very long ago that we cannot now tell what of these stories are fiction and what are fact. Some people think that they are all fact; some think that they are all fiction; and I do not know. But I rather think that this story of the ax-head is fiction." And I think the child would be satisfied to know all that I knew, and rather pleased to learn that I did not know everything, and would run off to his play satisfied as to the present, and with the moral lesson of the life quite as effectively impressed upon him as if I had assured him that the story was all fact, and with that lesson a great deal more effectively impressed upon him than if I had assured him that it was all fact when I was not quite sure myself.

L. A.

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Our Mohammedan Wards in Sulu

by Anna Northend Benjamin

ON August 9, 1899, I was fortunate enough to be one of five American women who were the first to visit the island of Sulu. The average American who first arrives in the Philippines is ignorant of their history, for little accurate information has been compiled, and, on account of the novelty, books have little meaning for the traveler until he has visited the various islands. During the three days of our stay in Sulu we wandered about, inside the town and out, with little realization of the fierce character of the people among whom we were. During the winter, after the signing of the Treaty of Paris, the Spanish garrison had been relieved by some of our own troops—the Twenty-third Infantry; and these were very prudently observing much the same regulations as were enforced by General Arolas concerning the admittance of the Moros inside the gates. General Bates and his aides were at Jolo for the purpose of treating with the young Sultan, who still dwelt on the other side of the island at his rebuilt capital of Maybun. The day after we left, the articles were signed by his royal highness. They are said to be practically the same as those drawn up by the Spaniards some years ago and agreed to by the Moros.

The warlike instincts of the Moros of the Sulu Archipelago are as strong and perhaps more fierce than those of the American Indian. "Moro" is a misnomer, as the only point of resemblance to the Moors lies in their religion, Mohammedanism. The term was applied to them by the Spaniards, and probably will never be changed. The island of Sulu is their stronghold, but there are large numbers of them in Mindanao, along the coast, and on the shores of inland lakes and streams. These people have never been very willing to acknowledge any foreign sovereignty, and the position of the Spaniards on their territory was always precarious.

The ancestors of the Moros came into the archipelago from Borneo about the time of the discovery of the Philippine Islands by Spain. Soon afterwards they came in conflict with the Spaniards, and for over two centuries and a half there was hostility and intermittent warfare between the two. The Moros turned pirates, and during the favorable monsoon, embarking in their "praus"—long boats, not unlike those of their predecessors in the pirate line of business, the Norsemen—they sallied forth from their villages on the coast to plunder and pillage in much the same way, if under a warmer sun. During these many years no village within the radius of their murderous grasp was without its watch-tower of stone, from which anxious eyes peered forth day and night until the monsoon changed and the dreaded Moros returned to their own homes to await the coming again of the season most propitious for their favorite pastime.

The loss of lives, of money, crops, and live stock, was less dreaded than being captured alive and carried away as slaves. The women and children were often taken in this way, and the former added to the harems of the native "Dattos," or chiefs. The Moslems did not confine their attentions to the natives alone; they killed or captured Spanish officials and priests whenever they could lay their hands upon them, and they

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always evinced a most active hatred for the representatives of the Christian Church. Many were the expeditions sent against these fierce people by the Spaniards. Millions of dollars were spent and thousands of lives lost in the attempt to subdue them. Beyond holding them from further conquest and possession, nothing was accomplished. The Moros understood too well the art of making arms with keen edges, and were too much skilled in their use, to be easily subdued. It was not till the recent inventions in gunboats of small draught and in ordnance were applied to their conquest that they were in any sense conquered or their piracy suppressed.

On the northern coast of the island of Sulu was the capital city of the Sultan of Sulu, the stronghold of the Moros. In 1876 this was entirely destroyed by the Spaniards, and the Sultan was obliged to select some other place of abode. As the site of the destroyed city was in every way favorable, a garrison town was built there, and troops sent to hold it; it was given the name of Jolo. Life at Jolo was always full of surprises during the Spanish occupation. At various times the entire garrison was massacred; but reinforcements were always promptly sent, and the place was held. Besides being continually harassed by the Moros, it became unhealthy and fever-stricken, so that if the unfortunate soldiers who were quartered there escaped being carved with the native "barongs," their lives were in danger of being terminated by a method as sure, if not quite so abrupt. To be sent to Sulu was a sort of death sentence inflicted by the Spanish Government, and the Governors who were appointed looked at it in that way. The day came, however, when, inadvertently, the right man was found for the place—General Arolas, a martinet and a genius. When he arrived at Jolo, he found everything to contend with; nothing was favorable, but he was not daunted. In order to build effective fortifications he took a number of Moro prisoners, and set them at work till a fine wall was built around the entire town, and so well built that it is practically impregnable against a people who have no siege guns, and whose most effective work is done with knives. He next turned his attention to the town itself, made the streets all of an equal width, and arranged a perfect system of sanitation, built water-works, established public schools and a hospital, and made Jolo a place which was beautiful as well as healthy. General Arolas not only brought Jolo to this state of perfection, but kept it so, and the history of his administration is full of amusing features. He was as just as he was stern, and this attribute won the respect of the Moros, for there is no quality which, next to might, appeals more strongly to the savage mind. In the enforcement of his regulations he was inexorable, and never hesitated to punish by inflicting the death sentence. The natives called him "Papa," and they knew that whatever "Papa" said he meant, and whatever he planned to do he always did.

During the time of General Arolas's stay at Jolo, there were two claimants to the throne of the Sultan. One—the rightful heir—was not recognized by the Spanish because he refused to go to Manila to be invested with authority. As a former potentate who had gone there for this purpose had been made a prisoner, the young Sultan refused to go, and there was justice in his position. But as the Government could not get hold of the real Sultan to commission, they chose one of the powerful chiefs and set him up in opposition. He was called the Paduca Majasari Malauna Amiril Mauini Sultan Harun Narrasid, commonly known as Harun. The real Sultan, who was a mere boy, lived on the other side of the island, at his capital of Maybun—a city of nipa huts built over the water. The Sultan's mother, who also lived there, is one of the most interesting of Moro characters. She is a Visayan—the Visayans inhabit the middle group of islands and are of a different race from the Moros—and was brought to Sulu as a captive, destined to be a slave. The reigning Sultan, in an unfortunate moment, became infatuated with her beauty and made her his Sultana, or first wife. It did not take the young Visayan long to appreciate the privileges of Oriental royalty; she developed a fondness for the use of corrosive sublimate on other people, and her husband was the first victim of this unfortunate habit. She then married his successor, but it was not very long before he too succumbed to an overdose of his spouse's favorite chemical, and she was left to be practically the

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regent, as her son, the present Sultan, was very young. At the same time, when the rival Sultan was proclaimed by the Spanish Government, the dowager wished to be on the safe side. She was secure in being the mother of one claimant; it would be a stroke of state to be the wife of the other; accordingly she notified Harun that she was willing to marry him. Harun, with civilized sarcasm, responded that "he wished to die a natural death." The Sultana's hopes were thus crushed in that direction. Her name, by the way, is Inchi Jamela, and she is still the power behind the throne at Maybun.

Before Arolas had finally succeeded in getting things at Jolo into proper shape, he had found it necessary to march upon Maybun and destroy it, for the time being, and to otherwise castigate the Moros by inflicting defeat after defeat upon them, till they were brought to such a state of submission as they had never known before. In 1892 General Arolas left the Philippines for Spain, and, as might be expected, there was trouble, and of a most serious character. The new Governor had evidently little appreciation of Moro character, and this ignorance cost him his life. As soon as he had established himself at Jolo, it seemed to him a good thing that the Moros should pay taxes, and so he issued a decree to the effect that they should be forthcoming on a certain date. The Sultan Harun called together his chief advisers and laid the matter before them, saying that he would abide by their decision. They were not long in making one. The next day the Moros communicated it to the Governor in their own original manner. Harun, with a large number of his countrymen behind him, came to the city gates and asked for admission in order to pay their taxes as requested. During the day of Arolas no Moro was ever allowed inside the gates with his arms, and during that time only one man succeeded in thus entering. The new Governor, however, concluded that they were acting in good faith and ordered that they be admitted. He first drew up his own forces in line and then opened the gates. Harun, with his men behind him, approached the Governor, who stood at the head of his troops—it may be mentioned incidentally that the Moros were fully armed—and presented to him a bag of pearls; the next instant he split the Governor's skull with his "barong." This was a signal for a general onslaught, and after the Moros had finished there was hardly a Spaniard left to tell the tale. The only survivors were two or three men who had managed to creep into an underground passage which connected with one of the forts. The Moros then proceeded to complete the job by razing the town. This was in 1892, only seven years ago.

The island of Sulu is one of the most beautiful which was ever projected above the surface of any waters by volcanic action. It is only thirty-four miles in length and twelve broad, and consists of a series of gently sloping green hills with unmistakable crater summits. As the sea surrounding it is always calm, the verdure extends to the water's edge, so that the coast, though irregular, is not rugged, and the huts of the natives are erected on piles over the water, here and there, and the soft brown of the nipa and bamboo blend with the green surroundings. Jolo is built on a little indentation of the coast, and as you come to anchor half a mile off it, you see merely a native village to the left and the gleam of two or three red roofs, a long pier, and a watch-tower to the right. Behind is a mass of thick verdure, and most of the town is hidden in it. The landing is made at the end of the long pier of masonry, and as you walk along it towards the town the houses with their red-tiled roofs become visible to you one by one. There is a large white gate at the end, and after that is passed you enter a broad street, beautifully macadamized, on either side rows of magnificent shade-trees which form an arch above and render it cool beneath. The houses are of the best style of Spanish architecture, and display a combination rare in the Philippines, that of freshness and picturesqueness. Jolo is, in short, a model of what every town here might be. After the disaster in 1892 it was rebuilt on the Arolas plan, for the fortifications and streets and trees were uninjured. The sidewalks are wide and well kept and edged with neat gutters of cement which carry away the water when it rains—a rare arrangement in this country. Before we reached the city, the wild-looking Moros had rowed out to the ship in their native

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canoes, with bananas and pineapples and a few "barongs" to sell, and we had begun to realize that the inhabitants of Sulu were not only entirely different but more picturesque than the other Filipino races, most of which look and dress like the Tagals of Luzon.

A number of unarmed Moros were wandering about the town. These were all dressed in gaudy colors—trousers of so skin-tight a pattern that we concluded that they must be sewed on, not every morning, but at the expiration of the term of life of the previous pair; and a small jacket low at the neck and sometimes embroidered. The usual head-dress was a turban of some bright-colored cloth, tied, according to rank, in a different style. A few of the men, instead of the tight trousers just described, went to the opposite extreme and wore trousers so loose as to resemble divided skirts, and, instead of the turbans, displayed head-coverings of marvelous construction, of cloth or colored straw, resembling in their architecture a Chinese pagoda.

We were intensely interested in the Moros, and watched them with fascinated curiosity, trying to get snap-shots at them in the sunlight, but we soon saw that the interest which we felt in them was not half so intense as their curiosity concerning us. They followed us about in droves and were speechless. They had become accustomed to the male species of the genus American, but we were the first females from that enterprising land, perhaps the first white women, that they had ever seen. We visited the house of the "Chino Capitan" (the captain of the Chinese, of whom there are a large number in Sulu), and found him a genial and intelligent old fellow, who lived in a spacious dwelling near the pier. That evening he gave an elaborate dinner to the General, the Captain of the Charleston—which was lying there—and a number of men from our ship. The first number on the bill of fare consisted of "bird's-nest soup;" all had the temerity to try it, and the report was favorable. Even in face of the soup, we regretted that it was a "stag party."

The soldiers at Jolo are all comfortably quartered. Besides the town itself and its wall of effective masonry, there are several heavily fortified buildings without the city limits. Two of these, the "Reducto de Princessa de las Etrurias," and a block-house built on rather unusual lines, we visited. The first is a small and very attractive "quartel," with a moat and a drawbridge, the other a small house of octagonal shape and three stories. The entrance is on the second floor, and the steps which lead up to it are partly of granite, and the rest of wood which are pulled up at night by an iron chain, so as to make the place as secure as possible against attack. A squad of our soldiers are stationed there, and find it rather close quarters. A rickety balcony which runs around the top is used for a lookout, and from here there is a good view of the surrounding country.

Just without the principal sally-port in the wall at the rear of Jolo stands a small pavilion known as the "spear market." This looks something like a band-stand, but it was built during the administration of Arolas for a far different purpose. With the exception of an aperture used as a door on the side towards the city, lines of barbed wire were strung around the sides, and a little distance beyond, by the side of the path, a white slab marks the spot where, in the day of the alert Spanish general, no Moro was allowed to pass by with his arms. When the native reached this spot, the guard called out, "Moro armado," and if the man took another step he was shot down instantly. If he halted, the guard advanced, covering him with their guns while the sergeant searched him for arms, which were deposited in the pavilion and given to him when he came out again. With all these precautions, a Moro one day managed to kill three of the guard before the sergeant could despatch him. It was to this "spear market" that we went after visiting the block-house. It was filled with Moros armed to the teeth, and there were no American soldiers nearer than the city walls. There were but four or five of us, unarmed; but if there was any danger, we were unconscious of it. We were in search of native arms, of which the natives of Sulu have several beautiful varieties; the "barong" is the most common, the "kris" comes next. There are two kinds of krises—the serpent kris, with a waving blade, and the straight one. The first inflicts a terrible wound. Besides the knives there

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is a long sword (which is, however, more common in Mindanao), called a "campilan." It is larger at the end than at the hilt, and ends in two prongs, in one of which is punched the number of men that the sword has killed. The perforations of some are rather ghastly. The Moros have no facilities for making arms, but by some laborious process they turn out blades which are smooth, keen as a razor, and well tempered. The handles are almost all carved and ornamented with silver. Some of them are extremely handsome. The men are fond of their arms, but fonder still of American dollars; besides, they have found it possible to increase the output in proportion to the demand. A short time ago it was possible to buy the handsomest of the knives for a few pesos, but the American here, as ever, has raised the prices, and when a new transport or war-ship drops anchor off the town, the arms are worth five times what they are on ordinary occasions. In the spear market we were instantly surrounded by several score of Moros, who flourished every variety of barong and kris in our faces, and the bargaining became fierce at once. Besides the arms just described, we purchased spears ornamented at the top by colored tassels, large wooden shields, and chain armor said to be a relic of the days of the Crusaders, when there was a small migration from Arabia to the Sulu Archipelago.

There were some Moro women at the spear market, who gathered together in a corner to make mutual observations—which were duly discussed—on these strange individuals in the long robes who had suddenly appeared among them. The Moro women wore their black locks flowing down their backs unrestrained. Their dress consists of a tight jacket and loose trousers which have the effect of a skirt. The only other addition to their regular costume consists of a long piece of cotton or silk fastened together at the ends, which is called a "jabul," and is used to drape around the skirt or throw over the head. The horses at Sulu are of a better breed than those further north, and the Moro women ride them just as the men do.

In dealing with the Moros the feature most to be dreaded is the "juramentado." He is a religious fanatic who has tired of life and wishes to make a quick exit from it, but, as the chances of happiness in the next world are largely dependent on the number of Christians that he has turned out of this, he makes it his business to kill as many as possible before he himself is put to death. The number of murders which one of these sometimes commits is almost incredible. As they are utterly reckless concerning their own lives, they are a class of people to be most vigilantly guarded against. The name which has been applied to them is derived from the fact that they go to a native "pandita" or priest, and, after shaving their eyebrows, swear a sacred oath, after which they clothe themselves in white and go forth on their murderous Christian quest.

It is evident to the American who travels through the various islands of the Philippines that the Philippine question, aside from its political aspect, is a many-sided one. This is impressed upon him most strongly when he comes in contact for the first time with the Moros. It is only seven years since the entire Spanish garrison at Jolo was ruthlessly murdered. A race of men do not undergo a radical change in seven years, and if any of our soldiers should, by some rude or thoughtless act, arouse the fierce passions of the natives, it is not likely that they would stop to consider whether we were Spaniards or the representatives of a mighty and vast republic, which means no more to their simple minds than the island of Sulu does to the people at home.

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Bill's Bluff for the Church[1]

By Ralph Connor

[This story, which is in all essential points complete in itself, forms part of a book soon to be issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company under the title "The Sky Pilot: A Tale of the Foot-hills." The story is here printed from advance sheets by special arrangement with the publishers. The author who writes under the pseudonym given above is—so the "British Weekly" states in an interesting personal sketch—the Rev. C. W. Gordon, a Presbyterian minister of Winnipeg. "Mr. Gordon," says the "British Weekly," "spent several years as a missionary among the Rocky Mountains, where he came to know the life of the miners at close range, and gathered in the harvest of a keen observer, which he has utilized." His former book, "Black Rock," was an unconventional far-Western story, really extraordinary in the freshness and genuineness of its humor, pathos, and closeness to human experience and sympathy. "The Sky Pilot" can hardly fail to confirm the impression made by "Ralph Connor" in his first book.—THE EDITORS.]

THE Pilot had set his heart upon the building of a church in the Swan Creek district, partly because he was human and wished to set a mark of remembrance upon the country, but more because he held the sensible opinion that a congregation, as a man, must have a home if it is to stay.

All through the summer he kept setting this as an object at once desirable and possible to achieve. But few were found to agree with him.

Little Mrs. Muir was of the few, and she was not to be despised, but her influence was neutralized by the solid immobility of her husband. He had never done anything sudden in his life. Every resolve was the result of a long process of mind, and every act of importance had to be previewed from all possible points. An honest man, strongly religious, and a great admirer of The Pilot, but slow-moving as a glacier, although with plenty of fire in him deep down.

"He's soond at the hairt, ma man Robbie," his wife said to The Pilot, who was fuming and fretting at the blocking of his plans, "but he's terrible deleeberate. Bide ye a bit, laddie. He'll come tae."

"But meantime the summer's going and nothing will be done," was The Pilot's distressed and impatient answer.

So a meeting was called to discuss the question of building a church, with the result that the five men and three women present decided that for the present nothing could be done. This was really Robbie's opinion, though he refused to do or say anything but grunt, as The Pilot said to me afterwards, in a rage. It is true, Williams, the storekeeper just come from "across the line," did all the talking, but no one paid much attention to his fluent fatuities except as they represented the unexpressed mind of the dour, exasperating little Scotchman, who sat silent but for an "ay" now and then, so expressive and conclusive that every one knew what he meant, and that discussion was at an end. The school-house was quite sufficient for the present; the people were too few and too poor, and they were getting on well under the leadership of their present minister. These were the arguments which Robbie's "ay" stamped as quite unanswerable.

It was a sore blow to The Pilot, who had set his heart upon a church, and neither Mrs. Muir's "hoots" at her husband's slowness nor her promises that she "wad mak him hear it" could bring comfort or relieve his gloom.

In this state of mind he rode up with me to pay our weekly visit to the little girl shut up in her lonely house among the hills.

It had become The Pilot's custom during these weeks to turn for cheer to that little room, and seldom was he disappointed. She was so bright, so brave, so cheery, and so full of fun that gloom faded from her presence as mist before the sun, and impatience was shamed into content.

Gwen's bright face—it was almost always bright now—and her bright welcome did something for The Pilot, but the feeling of failure was upon him, and failure to his enthusiastic nature was worse than pain. Not that he confessed

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either to failure or gloom; he was far too true a man for that; but Gwen felt his depression in spite of all his brave attempts at brightness, and insisted that he was ill, appealing to me.

"Oh, it's only his church," I said, proceeding to give her an account of Robbie Muir's silent, solid inertness, and how he had blocked The Pilot's scheme.

"What a shame!" cried Gwen, indignantly. "What a bad man he must be!"

The Pilot smiled. "No, indeed," he answered; "why, he's the best man in the place; but I wish he would say or do something. If he would only get mad and swear, I think I should feel happier."

Gwen looked quite mystified.

"You see, he sits there in solemn silence looking so tremendously wise that most men feel foolish if they speak; while as for doing anything, the idea appears preposterous, in the face of his immovableness."

"I can't bear him!" cried Gwen. "I should like to stick pins in him."

"I wish some one would," answered The Pilot. "It would make him seem more human if he could be made to jump."

"Try again," said Gwen, "and get some one to make him jump."

"It would be easier to build the church," said The Pilot, gloomily.

"I could make him jump," said Gwen, viciously, "and I *will*," she added, after a pause.

"You!" answered The Pilot, opening his eyes. "How?"

"I'll find some way," she replied, resolutely.

And so she did, for when the next meeting was called to consult as to the building of a church, the congregation, chiefly of farmers and their wives, with Williams, the storekeeper, were greatly surprised to see Bronco Bill, Hi, and half a dozen ranchers and cowboys walk in at intervals and solemnly seat themselves. Robbie looked at them with surprise and a little suspicion. In church matters he had no dealings with the Samaritans from the hills, and while, in their unregenerate condition, they might be regarded as suitable objects of missionary effort, as to their having any part in the direction, much less control, of the church policy—from such a notion Robbie was delivered by his loyal adherence to the Scriptural injunction that he should not cast pearls before swine.

The Pilot, though surprised to see Bill and the cattlemen, was none the less delighted, and faced the meeting with more confidence. He stated the question for discussion: Should a church building be erected this summer in Swan Creek? and he put his case well. He showed the need of a church for the sake of the congregation, for the sake of the men in the district, the families growing up, the incoming settlers, and for the sake of the country and its future. He called upon all who loved their church and their country to unite in this effort. It was an enthusiastic appeal, and all the women and some of the men were at once upon his side.

Then followed dead, solemn silence. Robbie was content to wait till the effect of the speech should be dissipated in smaller talk. Then he gravely said:

"The kirk wad be a gran' thing, nae doot, an' they wad a' dootless"—with a suspicious glance toward Bill—"rejoice in its erection. But we maun be cautious, an' I wad like to enquire hoo much money a kirk cud be built for, and whaur the money wad come frae?"

The Pilot was ready with his answer. The cost would be $1,200. The Church Building Fund would contribute $200, the people could give $300 in labor, and the remaining $700 he thought could be raised in the district in two years' time.

"Ay," said Robbie, and the tone and manner were sufficient to drench any enthusiasm with the chilliest of water. So much was this the case that the chairman, Williams, seemed quite justified in saying:

"It is quite evident that the opinion of the meeting is adverse to any attempt to load the community with a debt of one thousand dollars," and he proceeded with a very complete statement of the many and various objections to any attempt at building a church this year. The people were very few, they were dispersed over a large area, they were not interested sufficiently, they were all spending money and making little in return; he supposed, therefore, that the meeting might adjourn.

Robbie sat silent and expressionless in spite of his little wife's anxious whispers and nudges. The Pilot looked the picture

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of woe, and was on the point of bursting forth, when the meeting was startled by Bill.

"Say, boys! they hain't much stuck on their shop, heh?" The low, drawling voice was perfectly distinct and arresting.

"Hain't got no use for it, seemingly," was the answer from the dark corner.

"Old Scotchie takes his religion out in prayin', I guess," drawled in Bill, "but wants to sponge for his plant."

This reference to Robbie's proposal to use the school moved the youngsters to tittering and made the little Scotchman squirm, for he prided himself upon his independence.

"There ain't $700 in the hull blanked outfit." This was a stranger's voice, and again Robbie squirmed, for he rather prided himself also on his ability to pay his way.

"No good!" said another emphatic voice. "A blanked lot o' psalm-singing snipes."

"Order, order!" cried the chairman.

"Old Windbag there don't see any show for swipin' the collection, with Scotchie round," said Hi, with a following ripple of quiet laughter, for Williams's reputation was none too secure.

Robbie was in a most uncomfortable state of mind. So unusually stirred was he that for the first time in his history he made a motion.

"I move we adjourn, Mr. Chairman," he said, in a voice which actually vibrated with emotion.

"Different here! eh, boys?" drawled Bill.

"You bet," said Hi, in huge delight. "The meetin' ain't out yit."

"Ye can bide till mor-r-nin'," said Robbie, angrily. "'Am gaen hame," beginning to put on his coat.

"Seems as if he orter give the password," drawled Bill.

"Right you are, pardner," said Hi, springing to the door, and waiting in delighted expectation for his friend's lead.

Robbie looked at the door, then at his wife, hesitated a moment, I have no doubt wishing her home. Then Bill stood up and began to speak.

"Mr. Chairman, I hain't been called on for any remarks—"

"Go on!" yelled his friends from the dark corner. "Hear! hear!"

"An' I didn't feel as if this war hardly my game, though The Pilot ain't mean about invitin' a feller on Sunday afternoons. But them as runs the shop don't seem to want us fellers round too much."

Robbie was gazing keenly at Bill, and here he shook his head, muttering angrily: "Hoots, nonsense! ye're welcome eneuch."

"But," went on Bill, slowly, "I guess I've been on the wrong track. I've been a-cherishin' the opinion" ["Hear! hear!" yelled his admirers], "cherishin' the opinion," repeated Bill, "that these fellers," pointing to Robbie, "was stuck on religion, which I ain't much myself, and reely consarned about the blocking of the devil, which The Pilot says can't be did without a regular Gospel factory. O' course it tain't any biznis of mine, but if us fellers was reely only sot on anything condoocin'" ["Hear! hear!" yelled Hi, in ecstasy], "condoocin'," repeated Bill slowly and with relish, "to the good of the Order" (Bill was a brotherhood man), "I b'lieve I know whar five hundred dollars mebbe cud per'aps be got."

"You bet your sox," yelled the strange voice, in chorus with other shouts of approval.

"O' course I ain't no bettin' man," went on Bill, insinuatingly, "as a regular thing, but I'd gamble a few jist here on this p'int: if the boys was stuck on anythin' costin' about seven hundred dollars, it seems to me likely they'd git it in about two days, per'aps."

Here Robbie grunted out an "ay" of such fullness of contemptuous unbelief that Bill paused, and, looking over Robbie's head, he drawled out, even more slowly and mildly:

"I ain't much given to bettin', as I remarked before, but if a man shakes money at me on that proposition, I'd accommodate him to a limited extent." ["Hear! hear! Bully boy!" yelled Hi again, from the door.] "Not bein' too bold, I cherish the opinion" [again yells of approval from the corner] "that even for this here Gospel plant, seein' The Pilot's rather sot onto it, I b'lieve the boys could find five hundred dollars inside of a month, if perhaps these fellers cud wiggle the rest out of their pants."

Then Robbie was in great wrath, and, stung by the taunting, drawling voice

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beyond all self-command, he broke out suddenly:

"Ye'll no can mak that guid, I doot."

"D'ye mean I ain't prepared to back it up?"

"Ay," said Robbie, grimly.

"'Tain't likely I'll be called on; I guess five hundred dollars is safe enough," drawled Hill, cunningly drawing him on. Then Robbie bit.

"Oo ay!" said he, in a voice of quiet contempt, "the twa hunner will be here, and 'twull wait ye long eneuch, I'se warrant ye."

Then Bill nailed him.

"I hain't got my card-case on my person," he said, with a slight grin.

"Left it on the pianner," suggested Hi, who was in a state of great hilarity at Bill's success in drawing the Scottie.

"But," Bill proceeded, recovering himself, and with increasing suavity, "if some gentleman would mark down the date of the almanac, I cherish the opinion [cheers from the corner] that in one month from to-day there will be five hundred dollars lookin' round for two hundred on that there desk mebbe, or p'r'aps you would incline to two-fifty," he drawled in his most winning tone to Robbie, who was growing more impatient every moment.

"Nae matter tae me. Ye're haverin' like a daft loon, onyway."

"You will make a memento of this slight transaction, boys, and per'aps the schoolmaster will write it down," said Bill.

It was all carefully taken down, and, amid much enthusiastic confusion, the ranchers and their gang carried Bill off to Old Latour's to "licker up," while Robbie, in deep wrath but in dour silence, went off through the dark, with his little wife following some paces behind him. His chief grievance, however, was against the chairman for "allooin' sic a disorderly pack o' loons tae disturb respectable fowk," for he could not hide the fact that he had been made to break through his accustomed defense-line of immovable silence. I suggested, conversing with him next day upon the matter, that Bill was probably only chaffing.

"Ay," said Robbie, in great disgust, "the daft eejut, he wad mak a fule o' onything or onybuddie."

That was the sorest point with poor Robbie. Bill had not only cast doubts upon his religious sincerity, which the little man could not endure, but he had also held him up to the ridicule of the community, which was painful to his pride. But when he understood, some days later, that Bill was taking steps to back up his offer and had been heard to declare that "he'd make them pious ducks take water, if he had to put up a year's pay," Robbie went quietly to work to make good his part of the bargain. For his Scotch pride would not suffer him to refuse a challenge from such a quarter.

The next day every one was talking of Bill's bluffing the church people, and there was much quiet chuckling over the discomfiture of Robbie Muir and his party.

The Pilot was equally distressed and bewildered, for Bill's conduct, so very unusual, had only one explanation—the usual one for any folly in that country.

"I wish he had waited till after the meeting to go to Latour's. He spoiled the last chance I had. There's no use now," he said, sadly.

"But he may do something," I suggested.

"Oh, fiddle!" said The Pilot, contemptuously. "He was only giving Muir 'a song and dance,' as he would say. The whole thing is off."

But when I told Gwen the story of the night's proceedings, she went into raptures over Bill's grave speech, and his success in drawing the canny Scotchman.

"Oh, lovely! Dear old Bill and his 'cherished opinion.' Isn't he just lovely? Now he'll do something."

"Who—Bill?"

"No, that stupid Scottie." This was her name for the immovable Robbie.

"Not he, I'm afraid. Of course Bill was just bluffing him. But it was good sport."

"Oh, lovely! I knew he'd do something."

"Who—Scottie?" I asked, for her pronouns were perplexing.

"No," she cried, "Bill! He promised he would, you know," she added.

"So you were at the bottom of it?" I said, amazed.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she kept crying, shrieking with laughter over Bill's cherishing opinions and desires. "I shall be ill. Dear old Bill! He said he'd 'try to get a move on to him.'"

Before I left that day Bill himself

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came to the Old Timer's ranch, inquiring in a casual way "if the 'boss' was in."

"Oh, Bill!" called out Gwen, "come in here at once; I want you."

After some delay and some shuffling with hat and spurs, Bill lounged in and set his lank form upon the extreme end of a bench at the door, trying to look unconcerned as he remarked: "Gittin' cold. Shouldn't wonder if we'd have a little snow."

"Oh, come here," cried Gwen, impatiently, holding out her hand. "Come here and shake hands."

Bill hesitated, spat out into the other room his quid of tobacco, and swayed awkwardly across the room toward the bed, and, taking Gwen's hand, he shook it up and down, and hurriedly said:

"Fine day, ma'am; hope I see you quite well."

"No, you don't," cried Gwen, laughing immoderately, but keeping hold of Bill's hand, to his great confusion. "I'm not well a bit, but I'm a great deal better since hearing of your meeting, Bill."

To this Bill made no reply, being entirely engrossed in getting his hard, bony, brown hand out of the grasp of the white, clinging fingers.

"Oh, Bill," went on Gwen, "it was delightful! How did you do it?"

But Bill, who had by this time got back to his seat at the door, pretended ignorance of any achievement calling for remark. He "hadn't done nothin' more out of the way than usual."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense!" cried Gwen, impatiently. "Tell me how you got Scottie to lay you two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Oh, that!" said Bill, in great surprise; "that ain't nuthin' much. Scottie riz slick enough."

"But how did you get him?" persisted Gwen. "Tell me, Bill," she added, in her most coaxing voice.

"Well," said Bill, "it was easy as rollin' off a log. I made the remark as how the boys ginerally put up for what they wanted without no fuss, and that if they was sot on havin' a Gospel shack I cherished the opinion"—here Gwen went off into a smothered shriek, which made Bill pause and look at her in alarm.

"Go on," she gasped.

"I cherished the opinion," drawled on Bill, while Gwen stuck her handkerchief into her mouth, "that mebbe they'd put up for it the seven hundred dollars, and, even as it was, seein' as The Pilot appeared to be sot on to it, if them fellers would find two hundred and fifty I cher——" Another shriek from Gwen cut him suddenly short.

"It's the rheumaticks, mebbe," said Bill, anxiously. "Terrible bad weather for 'em. I get 'em myself."

"No, no," said Gwen, wiping away her tears and subduing her laughter. "Go on, Bill."

"There ain't no more," said Bill. "He bit, and the master here put it down."

"Yes, it's here right enough," I said, "but I don't suppose you mean to follow it up, do you?"

"You don't, eh? Well, I am not responsible for your supposin', but them that is familiar with Bronco Bill generally expects him to back up his undertakin's."

"But how in the world can you get five hundred dollars from the cowboys for a church?"

"I hain't done the arithmetic yet, but it's safe enough. You see, it ain't the church altogether; it's the reputation of the boys."

"I'll help, Bill," said Gwen.

Bill nodded his head slowly and said, "Proud to have you," trying hard to look enthusiastic.

"You don't think I can," said Gwen. Bill protested against such an imputation. "But I can. I'll get daddy and The Duke, too."

"Good line!" said Bill, slapping his knee.

"And I'll give all my money, too, but it isn't very much," she added, sadly.

"Much!" said Bill; "if the rest of the fellows play up to that lead, there won't be any trouble about that five hundred."

Gwen was silent for some time, then said with an air of resolve:

"I'll give my pinto!"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, while Bill declared "there warn't no call."

"Yes, I'll give the pinto!" said Gwen, decidedly. "I'll not need him any more"—her lips quivered, and Bill coughed and spat into the next room—"and, besides, I want to give something I like. And Bill will sell him for me!"

"Well," said Bill, slowly, "now, come to think, it'll be purty hard to sell that

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there pinto." Gwen began to exclaim indignantly, and Bill hurried on to say, "Not but what he ain't a good leetle horse for his weight, good leetle horse, but for cattle—"

"Why, Bill, there isn't a better cattle horse anywhere!"

"Yes, that's so," assented Bill. "That's so, if you've got the rider; but put one of them rangers on to him and it wouldn't be no fair show." Bill was growing more convinced every moment that the pinto wouldn't sell to any advantage. "Ye see," he explained carefully and cunningly, "he ain't a horse you could yank round and slam into a bunch of steers regardless."

Gwen shuddered. "Oh, I wouldn't think of selling him to any of those cowboys." Bill crossed his legs and hitched round uncomfortably on his bench. "I mean one of those rough fellows that don't know how to treat a horse." Bill nodded, looking relieved. "I thought that some one like you, Bill, who knew how to handle a horse—"

Gwen paused, and then added: "I'll ask The Duke."

"No call for that," said Bill, hastily; "not but what 'The Dook' ain't all right as a jedge of a horse, but The Dook ain't got the connection; it ain't his line." Bill hesitated. "But, if you are real sot on to sellin' that pinto, come to think, I guess I could find a sale for him, though, of course, I think perhaps the figger won't be high."

And so it was arranged that the pinto should be sold and that Bill should have the selling of it.

It was characteristic of Gwen that she would not take farewell of the pony on whose back she had spent so many hours of freedom and delight. When once she gave him up she refused to allow her heart to cling to him any more.

It was characteristic, too, of Bill that he led off the pinto after night had fallen, so that "his pardner" might be saved the pain of the parting.

"This here's rather a new game for me, but when my pardner," here he jerked his head towards Gwen's window, "calls for trumps, I'm blowed if I don't throw my highest, if it costs a leg."

Bill's method of conducting the sale of the pinto was eminently successful as a financial operation, but there are those in the Swan Creek country who have never been able to fathom the mystery attaching to the affair. It was at the fall round-up, the beef round-up, as it is called, which this year ended at the Ashley Ranch. There were representatives from all the ranches, and some cattlemen from across the line. The hospitality of the Ashley Ranch was up to its own lofty standard, and after supper the men were in a state of high exhilaration. The Hon. Fred and his wife, Lady Charlotte, gave themselves to the duties of their position as hosts for the day with a heartiness and grace beyond praise. After supper the men gathered round the big fire, which was piled up before the long, low shed, which stood open in front. It was a scene of such wild and picturesque interest as can only be witnessed in the Western ranching country. About the fire, most of them wearing "shaps" and all of them wide, hard-brimmed cowboy hats, the men grouped themselves, some reclining upon skins thrown upon the ground, some standing, some sitting, smoking, laughing, chatting, all in highest spirits and humor. They had just got through with their season of arduous and at times dangerous toil. Their minds were full of their long, hard rides, their wild and varying experiences with mad cattle and bucking broncos, their anxious watchings through hot nights, when a breath of wind or a coyote's howl might set the herd off in a frantic stampede, their wolf hunts and badger fights and all the marvelous adventures that fill up a cowboy's summer. Now these were all behind them. To-night they were free men and of independent means, for their season's pay was in their pockets. The day's excitement, too, was still in their blood, and they were ready for anything.

Bill, as king of the bronco-busters, moved about with the slow, careless indifference of a man sure of his position and sure of his ability to maintain it.

He spoke seldom and slowly, was not as ready-witted as his partner, Hi Kendal, but in act he was swift and sure, and "in trouble" he could be counted on. He was, as they said, "a white man; white to the back," which was understood to sum up the true cattleman's virtues.

"Hello, Bill," said a friend, "where's Hi? Hain't seen him around!"

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"Well, don't jest know. He was going to bring up my pinto."

"Your pinto? What pinto's that? You hain't got no pinto!"

"Mebbe not," said Bill, slowly, "but I had the idee before you spoke that I had."

"That so? Whar'd ye git him? Good for cattle?" The crowd began to gather.

Bill grew mysterious, and even more than usually reserved.

"Good fer cattle! Well, I ain't much on gamblin', but I've got a leetle in my pants that says that there pinto kin outwork any blamed bronco in this outfit, givin' him a fair show after the cattle."

The men became interested.

"Whar was he raised?"

"Dunno."

"Whar'd ye git him? Across the line?"

"No," said Bill, stoutly, "right in this here country. The Dook there knows him."

This at once raised the pinto several points. To be known, and, as Bill's tone indicated, favorably known, by The Duke, was a testimonial to which any horse might aspire.

"Whar'd ye git him, Bill? Don't be so blamed oncommunicatin'!" said an impatient voice.

Bill hesitated; then, with an apparent burst of confidence, he assumed his frankest manner and voice, and told his tale.

"Well," he said, taking a fresh chew and offering his plug to his neighbor, who passed it on after helping himself, "ye see, it was like this. Ye know that little Meredith gel?"

Chorus of answers: "Yes! The red-headed one. I know! She's a daisy!—reg'lar blizzard!—lightnin' conductor!"

Bill paused, stiffened himself a little, dropped his frank air, and drawled out in cool, hard tones: "I might remark that that young lady is, I might persoom to say, a friend of mine, which I'm prepared to back up in my best style, and if any street-sweeper has any remark to make, here's his time now!"

In the pause that followed murmurs were heard extolling the many excellencies of the young lady in question, and Bill, appeased, yielded to the requests for the continuance of his story, and, as he described Gwen and her pinto and her work on the ranch, the men, many of whom had had glimpses of her, gave emphatic approval in their own way. But as he told of her rescue of Joe and of the sudden calamity that had befallen her, a great stillness fell upon the simple, tender-hearted fellows, and they listened with their eyes shining in the firelight with growing intentness. Then Bill spoke of The Pilot and how he stood by her and helped her and cheered her, till they began to swear he was "all right." "And now," concluded Bill, "when The Pilot is in a hole she wants to help him out."

"O' course," said one. "Right enough. How's she going to work it?" said another.

"Well, he's dead set on to buildin' a meetin'-house, and them fellows down at the Creek that does the prayin' and such don't seem to back him up!"

"Whar's the kick, Bill?"

"Oh, they don't want to go down into their clothes and put up for it."

"How much?"

"Why, he only asked 'em for seven hundred the hull outfit, and would give 'em two years, but they bucked—wouldn't look at it."

[Chorus of expletives descriptive of the characters and personal appearance and belongings of the congregation of Swan Creek.]

"Were you there, Bill? What did you do?"

"Oh," said Bill, modestly, "I didn't do much. Gave 'em a little bluff."

"No! How? What? Go on, Bill."

But Bill remained silent, till, under strong pressure, and as if making a clean breast of everything, he said:

"Well, I jest told 'em that if you boys made such a fuss about anythin' like they did about their Gospel outfit, an' I ain't sayin' anythin' agin it, you'd put up seven hundred without turnin' a hair."

"You're the stuff, Bill! Good man! You're talkin' now! What did they say to that, eh Bill?"

"Well," said Bill, slowly, "they *called* me!"

"No! That so? An' what did you do, Bill?"

"Gave 'em a dead straight bluff!"

[Yells of enthusiastic approval.]

"Did they take you, Bill?"

"Well, I reckon they did. The master, here, put it down."

Whereupon I read the terms of Bill's bluff.

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There was a chorus of very hearty approvals of Bill's course in "not taking any water" from that variously characterized "outfit." But the responsibility of the situation began to dawn upon them when some one asked:

"How are you going about it, Bill?"

"Well," drawled Bill, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice, "there's that pinto."

"Pinto be blowed!" said young Hill. "Say, boys, is that little girl going to lose that one pony of hers to help out her friend The Pilot? Good fellow, too, he is! We know he's the right sort."

[Chorus of "Not by a long sight; not much; we'll put up the stuff! Pinto!"]

"Then," went on Bill, even more slowly, "there's The Pilot; he's going for to ante up a month's pay; 'taint much, o' course—twenty-eight a month and grub himself. He might make it two," he added, thoughtfully. But Bill's proposal was scorned with contemptuous groans. "Twenty-eight a month and grub himself o' course ain't much for a man to save money out of to eddicate himself." Bill continued, as if thinking aloud, "O' course he's got his mother at home, but she can't make much more than her own livin', but she might help him some."

This was altogether too much for the crowd. They consigned Bill and his plans to unutterable depths of woe.

"O' course," Bill explained, "it's jest as you boys feel about it. Mebbe I was, bein' hot, a little swift in givin' 'em the bluff."

"Not much you wasn't! We'll see you out! That's the talk! There's between twenty and thirty of us here."

"I should be glad to contribute thirty or forty if need be," said The Duke, who was standing not far off, "to assist in the building of a church. It would be a good thing, and I think the parson should be encouraged. He's the right sort."

"I'll cover your thirty," said young Hill; and so it went from one to another, in tens and fifteens and twenties, till within half an hour I had entered three hundred and fifty dollars in my book, with Ashley yet to hear from, which meant fifty more. It was Bill's hour of triumph.

"Boys," he said, with solemn emphasis, "ye're all white. But that leetle pale-faced gel, that's what I'm thinkin' on. Won't she open them big eyes of hers! I cherish the opinion that this'll tickle her some."

The men were greatly pleased with Bill, and even more pleased with themselves. Bill's picture of the "leetle gel" and her pathetically tragic lot had gone right to their hearts, and with men of that stamp it was one of their few luxuries to yield to their generous impulses. The most of them had few opportunities of lavishing love and sympathy upon worthy objects, and, when the opportunity came, all that was best in them clamored for expression.

The glow of virtuous feeling following the performance of their generous act prepared the men for a keener enjoyment than usual of a night's sport. They had just begun to dispose themselves in groups about the fire for poker and other games when Hi rode up into the light, and with him a stranger on Gwen's beautiful pinto pony.

Hi was evidently half drunk, and as he swung himself off his bronco he saluted the company with a wave of the hand and hoped he saw them "kickin'."

Bill, looking curiously at Hi, went up to the pinto, and, taking him by the head, led him up into the light, saying:

"See here, boys, there's that pinto of mine I was telling you about; no flies on him, eh?"

"Hold on there! Excuse me!" said the stranger; "this here hoss belongs to me, if paid-down money means anything in this country."

"The country's all right," said Bill, in an ominously quiet voice, "but this here pinto's another transaction, I reckon."

"The hoss is mine, I say, and, what's more, I'm goin' to hold him," said the stranger, in a loud voice.

The men began to crowd around with faces growing hard. It was dangerous in that country to play fast and loose with horses.

"Look a-hyar, mates," said the stranger, with a Yankee drawl, "I ain't no hoss thief, and if I hain't bought this hoss reg'lar and paid down good money, then it ain't mine—if I have, it is. That's fair, ain't it?"

At this Hi pulled himself together, and in a half-drunken tone declared that the stranger was all right, and that he had bought the horse fair and square, and "There's your dust," said Hi, handing a

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roll to Bill. But with a quick movement Bill caught the stranger by the leg, and, before a word could be said, he was lying flat on the ground.

"You git off that pony," said Bill, "till this thing is settled."

There was something so terrible in Bill's manner that the man contented himself with blustering and swearing, while Bill, turning to Hi, said:

"Did you sell this pinto to him?"

Hi was able to acknowledge that, being offered a good price, and knowing that his partner was always ready for a deal, he had transferred the pinto to the stranger for forty dollars.

Bill was in distress, deep and poignant. "'Tain't the horse, but the leetle gel," he explained; but his partner's bargain was his, and, wrathful as he was, he refused to attempt to break the bargain.

At this moment the Hon. Fred, noting the unusual excitement about the fire, came up, followed at a little distance by his wife and The Duke.

"Perhaps he'll sell," he suggested.

"No," said Bill, sullenly; "he's a mean cuss."

"I know him," said the Hon. Fred; "let me try him." But the stranger declared the pinto suited him down to the ground and he wouldn't take twice his money for him.

"Why," he protested, "that there's what I call an unusual hoss, and down in Montana for a lady he'd fetch up to a hundred and fifty dollars." In vain they haggled and bargained; the man was immovable. Eighty dollars he wouldn't look at, a hundred hardly made him hesitate. At this point Lady Charlotte came down into the light and stood by her husband, who explained the circumstances to her. She had already heard Bill's description of Gwen's accident and of her part in the church-building schemes. There was silence for a few moments as she stood looking at the beautiful pony.

"What a shame the poor child should have to part with the dear little creature!" she said in a low tone to her husband. Then, turning to the stranger, she said, in clear, sweet tones:

"What do you ask for him?" He hesitated, and then said, lifting his hat awkwardly in salute: "I was just remarking how that pinto would fetch one hundred and fifty dollars down into Montana. But, seein' as a lady is enquirin', I'll put him down to one hundred and twenty-five."

"Too much," she said, promptly; "far too much, is it not, Bill?"

"Well," drawled Bill, "if 'twere a fellar as was used to ladies, he'd offer you the pinto, but he's too pizen mean even to come down to the even hundred."

The Yankee took him up quickly. "Wall, if I were so used to ladies as some folks would like to think themselves, I'd buy that there pinto and make a present of it to this here lady as stands before me." Bill twisted uneasily.

"But I ain't goin' to be mean; I'll put that pinto in for the even money for the lady if any man cares to put up the stuff."

"Well, my dear," said the Hon. Fred, with a bow, "we cannot well let that gage lie." She turned and smiled at him, and the pinto was transferred to the Ashley stables, to Bill's outspoken delight, who declared he "couldn't have faced the music if that there pinto had gone across the line." I confess, however, I was somewhat surprised at the ease with which Hi escaped his wrath, and my surprise was in no way lessened when I saw, later in the evening, the two partners with the stranger taking a quiet drink out of the same bottle, with evident mutual admiration and delight.

"You're an A1 corker, you are! I'll be blowed if you ain't a bird—a singin' bird—a reg'lar canary," I heard Hi say to Bill.

But Bill's only reply was a long, slow wink which passed into a frown as he caught my eye. My suspicion was aroused that the sale of the pinto might bear investigation, and this suspicion was deepened when Gwen next week gave me a rapturous account of how splendidly Bill had disposed of the pinto, showing me bills for one hundred and fifty dollars! To my look of amazement, Gwen replied:

"You see, he must have got them bidding against each other; and besides, Bill says pintos are going up."

Light began to dawn upon me, but I only answered that I knew they had risen very considerably in value within a month. The extra fifty was Bill's.

I was not present to witness the finishing of Bill's bluff, but was told that when Bill made his way through the crowded

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aisle and laid his five hundred and fifty dollars on the school-house desk, the look of disgust, surprise, and, finally, of pleasure on Robbie's face was worth a hundred more. But Robbie was ready, and put down his two hundred with the single remark:

"Ay! ye're no as daft as ye look," 'mid roars of laughter from all.

Then The Pilot, with eyes and face shining, rose and thanked them all; but when he told of how the little girl in her lonely shack in the hills thought so much of the church that she gave up for it her beloved pony—her one possession—the light from his eyes glowed in the eyes of all.

But the men from the ranches who could understand the full meaning of her sacrifice, and who also could realize the full measure of her calamity, were stirred to their hearts' depths, so that when Bill remarked, in a very distinct undertone, "I cherish the opinion that this here Gospel shop wouldn't be materializin' into its present shape but for that leetle gel," there rose growls of approval in a variety of tones and expletives that left no doubt that his opinion was that of all.

But though The Pilot never could quite get at the true inwardness of Bill's measures and methods, and was doubtless all the more comfortable in mind for that, he had no doubt that while Gwen's influence was the moving spring of action, Bill's bluff had a good deal to do with the "materializin'" of the first church in Swan Creek, and in this conviction I share.

Whether the Hon. Fred ever understood the peculiar style of Bill's financing I do not quite know. But if he ever did come to know, he was far too much of a man to make a fuss. Besides, I fancy the smile on his lady's face was worth some large amount to him. At least, so the look of proud and fond love in his eyes seemed to say as he turned away with her from the fire the night of the pinto's sale.

A Flaw in the Title?[1]

By Leonard Woolsey Bacon

THERE is no gain in going back three hundred years to inquire into the righteousness of the original subjugation and occupation of the Philippine Islands by Spain. It might be of more use to raise the question whether the title of Spain to the islands had not been vitiated by three hundred years of corrupt and tyrannical government. This is a point on which the United States is so far committed by its course for one hundred and twenty-five years, and especially by its formal acts respecting Cuba, as to be estopped from making any claims in the court of conscience and of honor by virtue of the Spanish title.

Waiving both these points, we come to an obligation with which only two years ago the Spanish Government, by a distinct and solemn stipulation, encumbered its title to the islands, receiving therefor good and weighty consideration. When we assumed to take the islands as a purchase under the Spanish title, we took them with the encumbrance. The fact that the Spanish Government, having received the consideration, showed no alacrity in fulfilling its part of the covenant, but rather an intention of repudiating it, does not affect our duty when the title to the islands is transferred to us. We could not bind ourselves to execute the perfidies of Spain. Could not, I say, for even a pledge to do that, if one has been exacted from us, cannot be binding. What Spain has herself no right to do she cannot bind us to do as her assigns.

When, in December, 1897, the Spanish Government had lost hope of subduing the insurrection led by young Aguinaldo, proposals of peace were made by the Governor-General, Primo de Rivera, which were considered in the council of the revolutionary government, with the result that on the 14th of that month a formal treaty was concluded between Aguinaldo in behalf of the Philippine insurgents, and

[1] See editorial comment on this article, in this issue, entitled "The Way Out."

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Governor-General de Rivera in behalf of Spain. In this treaty it was conceded by Spain that the chief of the abuses on account of which the insurgents had taken up arms should be abated, foremost of which was that intolerable tyranny of the monastic orders which has ever been the gravamen of the constant discontent and rebellion of the Philippine Islanders. The expulsion of the monastic orders was promised. It was further promised that there should be a general amnesty to all persons charged with rebellion or sedition, and that an indemnity of $800,000 should be paid, half of it at once, the other half in successive installments. On the other hand, it was promised on the part of the insurgents that their army should lay down its arms, and that their principal leaders should leave the islands during the pleasure of the Spanish Crown. The insurgents fulfilled their part of the treaty. They surrendered their arms to the Spanish Government, by inventory, and Aguinaldo and those who shared with him the leadership of this successful rebellion retired to Hong-Kong with a letter of credit for $400,000 from the Spanish Philippine bank. The payment of that sum was the only part of the stipulated concession that the Spanish Government has paid, or has shown any intention of paying.

It is not wholly aside from our present argument to refer to the reasons alleged for the expulsion of the monastic orders from the islands. According to the mutually corroborative testimony of a multitude of witnesses—Spanish, Philippine, Belgian, English, American, Protestant, and Catholic—the tyranny of these corporations has been shocking and intolerable. It would require a volume to contain the details of it. Let any man consult Senate Document No. 62, 55th Congress, 3d Session, especially at pages 320–328, 374–378, 406, 445–463, 556, 574, 589–590, 603. If the friars in the Philippines are not guilty of shamelessly corrupt living and of atrocious and inhuman tyranny, then the United States Senate has joined with officials of other countries, including leading statesmen of Spain, and with distinguished travelers both Catholic and Protestant, in giving currency to the most injurious and outrageous calumnies ever inflicted on innocent men. The alleged tyranny has been exercised by these corporations, not by any civil authority or jurisdiction, but by virtue of their alleged ownership of the soil and of whatever grows from it or is built on it. Over whole provinces, the habitable and cultivable lands, with the farm-houses, sugar-mills, and villages standing on them, are claimed and held as the property of corporations of aliens having their headquarters at Rome. Thus the despotism wielded by the friars is absolute; in the nature of the case it must continue to be so, as long as the ownership is maintained; it is tantamount to slavery from which the victim can escape only by banishment from home and livelihood. Against less intolerable abuses of a like sort every country in Europe has revolted, in one way or another extinguishing the great mortmain tenures in the hands of monastic fraternities, as being irreconcilable with the public welfare. It is against this tyranny, with aggravations such as Europe never knew, that the Philippine people took up arms, and laid them down on the solemn pledge of Spain that the abuse should be abated.

And now comes in the great American Republic, with loud promises of civil and religious liberty, and buys for cash the vicious title of Spain, with a distinct stipulation that the most oppressive of all the Spanish abuses, which Spain had promised to abate, shall be upheld and maintained forever by the arms of America. (See Article VIII. of the Treaty of Paris.) Archbishop Chapelle has started for the islands, with a commission from the Pope and much advice from the President, to attend to "the settlement of questions of church property." He "has come out for the permanent retention of the Philippines. He is in favor of expansion unqualifiedly." The Archbishop "will soon become a powerful ally of the Government." Nothing could be more natural. The Government of the United States has already become the powerful ally of the Archbishop and of the Papal See, and of the Augustinian and other Orders, and will co-operate with these Orders in maintaining unimpaired their rights of ownership, which involve the total suppression of civil and religious liberty throughout their immense domains.

The limits of this article have not per-

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mitted me to add verifying references from point to point, as I would gladly have done. Let me refer to Senate Doc. 62, above mentioned, *passim;* corroborative references might be furnished in abundance.

The Prospect Union at Harvard

By the Rev. Louis F. Berry

THE record of the University Extension work done at Harvard by the Prospect Union is of universal interest because it is typical of what should be emulated elsewere.

With the opening of the present college year at Harvard "The Prospect Union" began its tenth season. This work was started with the purpose of bringing the men of the University into closer touch with the workingmen of Cambridge and of putting within their reach the opportunities of the higher education. The history of the Union is, in brief, as follows: A young Congregational clergyman, the Rev. Robert E. Ely, who had charge of a mission chapel in lower Cambridgeport, was at the same time taking courses in ethics and sociology at the University. As he went to and fro between his parish and the College, he was constantly being reminded of the gulf that seemed to separate these two elements of Cambridge life —the large manufacturing population and the high social and intellectual life of which Harvard University was the center. The two sections seemed to be living independently of and indifferent to each other, and often a spirit of hostility between them was manifested. Mr. Ely's courses of study at the University and his practical experience with the workingmen and their needs suggested to him the idea of organizing a University Extension work connected with Harvard, but centered in a building located conveniently to the homes of the men he desired to interest. This idea met at once with the cordial approval and indorsement of Professor Peabody, whose courses Mr. Ely was taking, and a little group of college men known to be interested in such work was called to meet Professor Peabody at Mr. Ely's rooms in the "Prospect House," Cambridgeport. These all pledged themselves to the project, and a small sum of money was raised for necessary expenses. Rooms were engaged in the Prospect House—an unused hotel building—and the Prospect Union was launched January 27, 1891. Some earnest workingmen had been spoken to regarding the project, and on that evening they and the college men, the professor and the young minister, formally organized with forty-four members, and officers were chosen. The name "Prospect Progressive Union" was chosen, but it was soon changed to the shorter one that it has since borne. It designates mainly the place of meeting, but also has a forward-moving significance. The Union has purposely avoided elaborate by-laws and constitution, leaving itself free and unhampered and ready to take any steps that its members desire. Its only creed is its motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." By "Liberty" the Union means to stand and does stand for absolute freedom of opinion and utterance. It commits itself to no platform or creed except its motto. "Equality" means that no differences of color, race, belief, politics, intellectual or material standing, are recognized. The members meet on the basis of common manhood for mutual helpfulness. "Fraternity" means that it is the aim of the Union to bring men, however they may apparently differ from one another, into sympathetic contact, to the advantage of all. The members seek to recognize and fulfill the claims of human brotherhood, and their motto, which at first seemed to some to be vague and high-sounding, and to others to have too much of a revolutionary ring, is now believed by all to be not only sensible and practicable, but also helpful and inspiring. The government of the Union rests entirely with the members, every proposed measure being submitted to the whole body at a regular meeting and decided according to their pleasure. The executive committee is merely advisory, and to it the Union commits only the details

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of the work. The composition of the original executive committee (and it was a typical one) illustrates the democratic character of the Union: two of the seven members were Harvard undergraduates, one a professor; the others were a printer, a painter, a postman, and a parson.

Two rooms in the Prospect House were at first engaged, and these, with the President's private rooms in the same building, were at once available for lecture and class rooms. When not in use for these purposes, the Union's two rooms were used, the one for smoking, the other for a reading-room. Weekly meetings were held Tuesday evenings, at which informal lectures were delivered by members of the Harvard Faculty and others. After these lectures opportunity for questions was always given, and a free discussion of every subject presented indulged in by the members present. Sometimes the discussion and argument would become very heated, but after a reasonable time had been so spent and every phase of the subject presented, an hour or two of social intercourse followed, over coffee and crackers, and the heat and even sting of sharp debate quickly passed away. There has never been a dissension in the history of the Union, nor even the faintest suspicion of unfairness of any kind to any member. Socialists and philosophic anarchists who at first had some distrust of its professions of absolute liberty of opinion and utterance have found that their fears were groundless and have become some of its most devoted members. Two examples will illustrate this spirit of harmony between diverse elements. Through the heat and bitterness of the so-called "A. P. A." movement, the Union had both Catholics and Protestants in its membership, as always, and some of the latter were even connected with the "A. P. A.;" but no sign of unpleasantness or feeling was ever shown between such members in the Union. Again, in the heat of the silver agitation both gold and silver men were plentiful in the Union, but they dwelt at peace with one another, and all turned out one week to listen to Mr. Eugene V. Debs and to argue with him, and the following week Mr. Edward Atkinson was heard in the same hall and in the same spirit. The two served as antidotes for each other, and the Union sailed peacefully on. It is this spirit that has made it possible for Russians, Armenians, Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Americans all to be members of the same Union and to stand all on an equal footing.

Immediately after the Union was formed it got down to practical work in the class-room—for here the personal touch between the University man and the workingman is most felt. Classes taught by Harvard undergraduates were started in the elements of English, English composition, Rhetoric, French, German, History, Political Economy, and Mathematics. From the first the supply of men willing to do this teaching has been more than equal to the demand. A head or dean of this corps of teachers was appointed, and it is his work to find what studies any man wishes to take, and then to supply a teacher for him for as many evenings as he wishes to study. In many cases the work is equivalent to the relation of private tutor and pupil—for even in class-work the number in each class is kept so small that the teacher helps each student individually. Thus the Union has put within reach of every workingman of Cambridge the advantage of a healthful social club and the opportunity of almost private tutoring in any elementary or college course for the small sum of twenty-five cents per month—a university course for three dollars per year. There are no other dues or assessments of any kind whatever. And the same college men who do much of the private tutoring at the University (when a fellow-student gets behind in his courses before examination), and who receive for that work from one to three dollars per hour, are found at the Union spending evening after evening with their little classes or groups of workingmen, doing for them gladly, without compensation, exactly the same quality of work that they do for their more favored but often no more deserving fellow-students. No financial compensation has ever been given to a lecturer or teacher of the Prospect Union, the men from the University counting it as much of a help to themselves to be members of the Union and to come into friendly contact with the workingmen as it is to those who come to receive their help.

As the aim and work of the Union

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became known, its membership increased very rapidly. In June, at the end of its first season, there were over one hundred and fifty members, representing almost every race and nationality. At the close of its fourth season, in 1894, there were between four and five hundred members, and the classes could no longer be accommodated in the Prospect House, and a permanent home for the Union was sought. The old Cambridge City Hall was not then in use, and as it was centrally located, spacious, and well built, the Union coveted it for its home. But how to get it? Although the city valued it at only $26,000, yet that was more than the Union could raise. Friends, hearing of their needs, came forward and subscribed $10,000, and the building was bought, with a mortgage of $16,000 upon it. By a piece of rare good fortune it was soon reduced to $6,000 by a gift from the estate of Miss Belinda L. Randall amounting to $20,000, half of which went to reduce the mortgage and half to form the nucleus of a permanent endowment. So the Union stands on a firm and permanent footing to-day, possessed of a building valued now at $35,000, with only a $6,000 mortgage on it, and an endowment fund of $10,000. It is hoped that the mortgage may all be cleared this year, and that the endowment may be enlarged. When this property was purchased, it became necessary to have an incorporated body, legally to hold it, so a corporation called "The Prospect Union Association" was formed. It is composed of twenty-five persons, among them President Eliot, Professors Peabody and Norton, Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and other business and professional men, and several workingmen from the membership of the Union. This body is self-perpetuating, and has no other control over or connection with the Union than simply to stand as legal trustee for its buildings and endowments.

As the Union looks forward to the opening year and the future, it confidently purposes and expects to make this and each new year better than the last. About five hundred workingmen were members last year, and about seventy-five Harvard men took an active part in the work—most of them as teachers. Ninety different courses were offered, ranging from classes in advanced Greek, political economy, and calculus to elementary reading and spelling and lessons on the banjo. In all probability these figures will be equaled, if not increased, in the coming year—for a man has but to signify his desire to study some particular branch to have his wishes at once fulfilled. Theoretically the Union promises to give a course only when three members agree to take it, but practically this rule is seldom, if ever, enforced.

The spirit of brotherhood and good fellowship that marks the relations of the college and working men in the Union may or may not be "religious," but it surely has in it the essence of true religion. No questions of a man's religious preferences are ever allowed to arise; no sectarian remarks are ever permitted at any meeting; no attempts at proselytizing are ever made. So far as known, no complaint has ever been made, by Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, that, either intentionally or unintentionally, his religious faith had been spoken of slightingly or unkindly. The only President the Union has ever had is a Congregational clergyman; his strongest helper from the University faculty is a Unitarian clergyman; the four undergraduates who helped to form the Union were active Christian workers, one of whom is now in the Congregational ministry. But these facts, though perfectly known and understood, have never kept faithful Catholics and Jews from joining the Union, and from taking an active part in its affairs. Men from the Harvard Y. M. C. A. have always been prominent in the work, but men of every faith and religious belief, and men of no religious belief, have been equally welcome to the work if they showed a willingness to do it. More than once the words of James Russell Lowell (who, at the time of his death, was a sustaining member of the Union) have come into the minds of the members as expressing the spirit in which the work is done:

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Abbé Constantin. By Ludovic Halévy. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 166 pages. $1.

About the Weather. By Mark W. Harrington. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 8vo. 246 pages. 60c.

Anglomaniacs, The. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. (Illustrated.) The Century Co., New York. 16mo. 216 pages. $1.25.

Backlog Studies. By Charles Dudley Warner. (Illustrated.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 257 pages. $2.

It is a good many years since "Backlog Studies" first revealed to the country the charming humor, the delicate insight, and the nice sense of manners, form, and morals with which American readers have since become familiar in the books of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. He has done in later years better work than that which appears in "Backlog Studies," but nothing which has more obvious charm for the great mass of readers. These studies are now presented in a new and well-made edition, with illustrations by Edward H. Garrett.

Barrack-Room Ballads. By Rudyard Kipling. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 253 pages. $1.

This volume is one of a group of nine, published in the same style and containing such well-known pieces of literature as "L'Abbé Constantin," "Cranford," "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The House of Seven Gables," "Prue and I," and "Lucile." The publishers have endeavored to make a book which should be at the same time readable by reason of the subject-matter which it presents, attractive to the eye, and low-priced; and they have succeeded in making a very effective set of books, not too heavy in the hand, printed from type of good size, on paper with wide margins, and with cover designs in gilt.

Blue and White, In. By Elbridge S. Brooks. (Illustrated.) Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 12mo. 348 pages. $1.50.

Alexander Hamilton is the first hero. The story opens at King's College (Columbia) at the time when the Sons of Liberty began their activities in New York. The part played by some of the students of King's College gives special interest to a boy's story written in this author's best vein.

Bohemian Paris of To-Day. By W. C. Morrow. Illustrated by Édouard Cucuel. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 322 pages. $3.50.

M. Cucuel's daring illustrations well supplement Mr. Morrow's daring text. The book is hardly one to give to very young people, as Bohemian life in the world's gayest capital is set forth without any effort at concealment. The unconventional side of Paris life, however, is a distinct feature, and the present work gives much interesting information concerning it.

Brahmin's Treasure, The. By George A. Henty. (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Large 12mo. 366 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Henty is well known as a prolific putter-forth of boys' books. In "The Brahmin's Treasure" he appeals to somewhat older readers, but with all his accustomed power of story-telling.

Brick Moon and Other Stories, The. By Edward Everett Hale. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 369 pages. $1.50.

Bruno. By Byrd Spilman Dewey. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 116 pages. 75c.

Calvinism. (The L. P. Stone Lectures for 1898-99.) By Abraham Kuyper, D.D., LL.D. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 275 pages. $1.25.

This is a book to be reckoned with by those who say that Calvinism is dead. No abler exponent of it lives than the veteran professor who here exhibits it as indispensable to restore unity to Protestant thought and energy to Protestant practical life. But Dr. Kuyper distinguishes between "its worn-out form" and its essential principles. These he opposes to what he calls "modernism" and "modern life" (or what some term secularism), as holding a view of the world and ideals of thought and life which alone can save Christianity and political freedom from decay and overthrow. Taking the term "Calvinism" therefore, in no sectarian or confessional or denominational sense, but in a scientific view, which may be either historical, political, or philosophical, these lectures exhibit it as a life-system, and as related to religion, politics, science, art, and the general outlook for the future. The hand of a master is manifest throughout, with something also of the rigoristic strain, and especially of the over-emphasis on the transcendence of God, which is at the heart of Calvinism.

Captain Kodak. By Alexander Black. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. (Illustrated.) 8vo. 288 pages. $2.

Young people interested in photography will enjoy the doings and adventures of "Captain Kodak," a "camera story" written by Mr. Alexander Black, and illustrated by photographs from the author. The text is particularly well printed.

Cicero, Eleven Orations of. By Robert W. Tunstall. University Publishing Co., New York. 12mo. 585 pages. $1.20.

Circle of a Century, The. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. The Century Co., New York. 12mo. 225 pages. $1.25.

A love story of New York depicting the social life of the city just after the Revolution. It moves very slowly, and is not equal to Mrs. Harrison's best work.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 290 pages. $1.

Cross, The Attraction of the. By John Angell James. Introduction by the Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 64 pages. 30c.

A reprint of a great missionary sermon, in 1819, by the distinguished preacher who preceded the late Dr. Dale at Birmingham, England.

Dear Irish Girl, The. By Katharine Tynan. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 312 pages. $1.50.

The author stands high in the new school of Irish fiction writers; much of her work is equal to that of Jane Barlow. This book is written with delicate literary taste, and at the same time it presents Irish characters of rough vigor and hearty vitality.

Dorothy and Her Friends. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 16mo. 351 pages. $1.25.

An amusing story of a sweet little girl, written for other little girls.

Education of Mr. Pipp, The. Drawings by C. D. Gibson. R. H. Russell, New York. $5.

Technically speaking, Mr. Gibson has never done better work than is shown in this series of drawings illustrating the adventures of Mr. Pipp, his wife and daughters, during their trip abroad. The general conception of the

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series is also a good one; but it must be admitted that there is a very great difference in merit between the best and the poorest of these pictures, looking at them as humorous conceptions.

English Hedgerows, Among. By Clifton Johnson. Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. The Macmillan Co., New York. 347 pages. $2.25.

Fables in Slang. By George Ade. (Illustrated.) Herbert S. Stone, Chicago. 18mo. 201 pages. $1.

Mr. Ade is a past-master in slang, and these fables have shrewdness in a marked degree. Mr. Ade and Mr. Dooley are kindred spirits. The woodcuts are too "comical" to be humorous.

Fife and Drum at Louisbourg. By J. MacDonald Oxley. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 307 pages. $1.

This is a real boy's real book. The language is simple and direct, the characters clearly drawn, and the plot a logical one. The reproduction of old Colonial days is so perfect that we find ourselves quite taken out of this end of the nineteenth century into the middle of the eighteenth.

File No. 113. By Émile Gaboriau. Translated by George Burnham Ives. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 551 pages. $1.50.

Fishes, The Story of the. By James Newton Baskett, M.A. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 8vo. 297 pages. 65c.

An addition to the Appleton Home Reading Books, with an introduction by the Hon. William T. Harris, containing an essay on the scope and function of supplementary reading of special value. "The Story of the Fishes" is so graphically told that the interest of the writer is transferred to the reader. The book is profusely and beautifully illustrated.

Flower of the Wilderness, A. By A. G. Plympton. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 260 pages. $1.25.

The heroine is a little girl adrift in the colonies, the hero an old man, a Cavalier, driven out of the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts colony under penalty. The story is dainty and tender, and must arouse the young reader's interest in those early times.

Freshman, The Adventures of a. By Jesse Lynch Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 201 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Williams has written many stories of college life for older readers; these are intended for boys ready to begin their college career. There is a good deal of slang and rough-and-tumble in the book, but in spirit and intention it is free from objection.

Half-Back, The. By Ralph Henry Barbour. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo. 267 pages. $1.50.

Spirited and readable in its accounts of school and college games. The description of football and golf matches is detailed and exciting.

Hostess of To-Day, The. By Linda Hull Larned. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 303 pages. $1.50.

A book of recipes and directions for housekeepers, intended for those of moderate means.

House of the Seven Gables, The. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 369 pages. $1.

Human Interest, The. By Violet Hunt. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 279 pages. $1.25.

Island, The. By Richard Whiteing. The Century Co., New York. 12mo. 223 pages. $1.50.

In this new edition the original story has been revised and chapters have been added for the purpose, Mr. Whiteing tells us, of making it more truly of its time. It may be suspected also that the success of "No. 5 John Street" has suggested new possibilities of popular interest in this very clever satire.

Island Impossible, The. By Harriet Morgan. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 207 pages. $1.50.

It lies beyond the poppy-fields. Away to this island sail a group of children. Here they live, making journeys to far-away lands, where there are many strange experiences, many opportunities for helpfulness of which these children avail themselves. Though human, like good fairies they defeat evil and strengthen the good.

Laos Folk-Lore of Farther India. By Katherine Neville Fleeson. (Illustrated.) Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 153 pages. 75c.

A collection of folk-tales from the Laos country, which is a part of the Kingdom of Siam, is a welcome addition to the already large literature of this interesting subject. These stories, the translator tells us, were, with a single exception, unwritten when they came into her hands. They have been preserved orally, like many other similar traditions and stories, and passed on from generation to generation, a literary inheritance of great value, but entirely without record. The translator, as a missionary among the Laos, had an unusual opportunity of studying their history, customs, ideas, and language, and of collecting the material which appears in this volume.

Little Fig-Tree Stories. By Mary Hallock Foote. (Illustrated.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 183 pages. $1.

Of the nine short stories which make up this volume the majority are laid in the Sierra Nevada country which Mrs. Foote knows so well, and which she has described from many points of view so many times with delight to her readers. These stories are marked by her freshness of feeling, her nice sense of the nice things of life, and that touch of vividness which she imparts to all her descriptions. It is, in its contents and its form, one of the dainty books of the season.

Madam Mary of the Zoo. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 248 pages. $1.25.

A delightful story of animals in and outside of the Zoo, and of a little girl who is their friend.

Max and Maurice. By William Busch. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 56 pages. 75c.

These extremely funny German drawings have in Germany become almost a children's comic classic. The translation is fairly adequate, and really the pictures need little elucidation.

Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes. (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 320 pages. 8vo. $1.75.

It is a pity to associate the rhymes of Mother Goose with such absurdities as the illustrations here presented.

My Father and I. By the Countess Puliga. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 279 pages. $1.25.

Might well have been called "A Book for Fathers." The identity of the author is not established in the book, but this is not important, for its purpose is to depict the ideal relation of a father and daughter from infancy till death separated them.

My Lady Frivol. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 301 pages. $1.25.

Is a charming, headstrong young person who wins everybody's love. The plot is a mere thread on which to hang incidents.

Nabob, The. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by George Burnham Ives. Introduction by Brander Matthews. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 2 vols. 8vo. $3.

This edition of the works of Alphonse Daudet has already been described as one of exceptional attractiveness to the eye and the hand, and promises to make a very tasteful set of volumes for reading or for the library. The two volumes which contain "The Nabob" are translated by Mr. George Burnham Ives, with an introduction by Mr. Brander Matthews.

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One of Those Coincidences, and Other Stories. By Julian Hawthorne and Others. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 12mo. 315 pages. $1.

"One of Those Coincidences," by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, gives the title to a volume comprising eleven stories, some of them being by writers more famous than Mr. Hawthorne—Count Tolstoi, for instance. Perhaps the most satisfactory tale in the book is that by Professor Roberts. Several of the stories lean toward the uncanny and the unexplained, but the collection as a whole is pleasantly readable.

Other Fellow, The. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 218 pages. $1.50.

Outside of Things: A Sky Book. By Alice Ward Bailey. Pictures by Annita Lyman Paine. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 60 pages. $2.

A delightful collection of rhymes with illustrated borders and quaint figures introduced on the page. The "Moon Boat," one of the rhymes, is so musical that it lingers in the memory. This would make a most acceptable Christmas gift for a child from four to eight.

Pacific, The New. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. The Bancroft Co., New York. 738 pages. $2.50.

Perils of Josephine, The. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 329 pages. $1.50.

Philosophic Nuggets. Carlyle, Amiel, Ruskin, Charles Kingsley. Gathered by Jeanne G. Pennington. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. 167 pages. 40c.

This little volume is one of a series of four; the other three being "Educational Nuggets," "Patriotic Nuggets," and "Don't Worry Nuggets." These bits of wisdom are drawn from the very best sources, "Philosophic Nuggets," gathered by Miss Jeanne G. Pennington, presenting to the readers characteristic and significant extracts from the works of Carlyle, Ruskin, Amiel, and Charles Kingsley; while the volume with the familiar but descriptive title "Don't Worry Nuggets" draws from the stores of Epictetus, Emerson, George Eliot, and Robert Browning. The little books are very convenient for pocket use, and furnish the sort of suggestive and condensed meditation and inspiration which are valuable when they are within reach in times of need.

Plish and Plum. By Wilhelm Busch. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. 75c. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 67 pages.

A companion volume to "Max and Maurice," noted above.

Prue and I. By George William Curtis. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 234 pages. $1.

Puritan Republic, The. By Daniel Wait Howe. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 8vo. 422 pages. $3.50.

Mr. Howe's work is a history of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts from its planting to its overthrow in 1686 under the tyranny of James II. It includes the domestic life as well as the public affairs, and the theocratic as well as the political administration, of the Puritans. The author seems to us to have fairly carried out his endeavor to portray the Puritans as they in their honesty would have wished, like Cromwell, who said to the painter, "Paint me as I am, warts and all." Mr. Howe is no ancestor-worshiper, but he is a vastly more intelligent and judicial critic than some recent writers to whose partisan and intolerant judgments his work brings a timely corrective. The exaggerated clericalism which sprang up in Massachusetts has nowhere been more fairly treated than in the chapters on "The Rise and Fall of the Theocracy." In Mr. Howe's Table of Citations we do not find the name of the late Dr. Leonard Bacon, acquaintance with whose writings would have prevented the mistake—a very common one—of calling the men of the "Mayflower" Puritans. The Pilgrims had separated from the Church of England before their emigration; the Puritans had not. Deeper and characteristic differences continued afterwards to distinguish the Plymouth colony from that of Massachusetts.

Romances of Roguery. By Frank Wadleigh Chandler. The Macmillan Co., New York. In Two Parts. Part I. 8vo. 483 pages. $2.

Revolutionary Calendar, A. By Ernest C. Peixotto. R. H. Russell, New York. $1.

Santa Claus's Partner. By Thomas Nelson Page. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12mo. 179 pages. $1.50.

Scotland's Ruined Abbeys. By Howard Crosby Butler, A.M. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 287 pages. $3.50.

Sea-Waif, The Log of a. By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S. (Illustrated.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo. 370 pages. $1.50.

Readers of "The Cruise of The Cachalot"—a book as remarkable for its spontaneous literary charm as for the adventures it records—will turn to the present volume by the same author with expectant interest. Mr. Bullen, who began life as a London street arab and has ended by becoming a literary personage, now describes his experiences as a cabin-boy and foremast hand on British merchantmen in the stage which preceded his life as a whaler recounted in his story of "The Cachalot."

Sketch Book. By E. W. Kemble. R. H. Russell, New York. 64 pages. $1.25.

Splendid Porsenna, The. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 294 pages. $1.25.

One cannot but feel sincere regret that the author of such altogether charming and natural books as Mrs. Fraser has written about Japan should descend to writing such an unnatural, blood-and-thunder, disagreeable novel as this.

Spurgeon, Charles H., The Autobiography of. By his Wife and his Private Secretary. Vol. III. 1856–1878. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 372 pages. $2.50.

Sunbeams and Moonbeams. By Louise R. Baker. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 8vo. 190 pages. 50c.

The history of a boys' club and a girls' club, organized to "do good." Sorrow awaits the young readers moved to "go and do likewise," as invading people's houses, even with the best intentions, in real life is followed usually by serious results.

Tent on the Beach, The. By John Greenleaf Whittier. (Illustrated.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 110 pages. $1.50.

Trend of the Century, The. By Seth Low. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 31 pages. 35c.

Widower and Some Spinsters, A. By Maria Louise Pool. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 326 pages. $1.50.

This is a collection of short stories gathered since the death of Maria Louise Pool. A sympathetic sketch of the life of Miss Pool opens the book. The early influences and the environment of her early life were, it is evident, dominant factors in shaping and controlling her pen. This collection of stories possesses the simple story-telling qualities of Miss Pool. It deals with the tragedies and the comedies of New England village characters, lived daily.

Young Master of Hyson Hall, The. By Frank R. Stockton. (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 287 pages. $1.50.

In the publication of this boys' story Mr. Stockton will hardly add to his reputation. In parts it almost seems as if the tale were written by a hack writer. There is not a little pleasant local color, however.

Zodiac Calendar. Pictures by Chester Loomis. R. H. Russell, New York. $1.25.

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FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

The Wee One

By Martha Burr Banks

Down at our house is a wee one,
And nobody ever could see one
More sweet and complete from the tips of his feet
To the soft fluffy down on the top of his crown;
Oh, the hue of his eyes is the blue of the skies,
And the guile of his smile like the laugh of the day,
Merry and winning and gladsome and gay,
While his cheeks are like clover, with pink flushing over.
From the break of the dawn to the set of the sun,
There is nothing you'll see that is fairer than he,
Our own little, dear little wee one!

Two fat little fists has the wee one,
And he always can show you a free one
To tear at your hair and to make havoc there,
And a dimple he'll find you still further to bind you;
And he's two little teeth lately out from their sheath
That will bite with delight on your finger or knuckle,
Or make tiny dents on your watch or your buckle,
While his feet growing bolder will drum on your shoulder.
But who minds the scars when they're every one done
By that mischievous mite, that witching young wight,
Our own little, dear little wee one?

Ah, many a friend has the wee one,
And he knows if you happen to be one;
He'll gurgle and coo and he'll frolic with you,
Or stretch out his arms with his prettiest charms,
And fret when you wake him to get you to take him;
He'll hoax you and coax you and cut up his capers,
Toss over your treasures and tumble your papers;
You have to attend him, you have to befriend him.
But who can help loving that bundle of fun,
That giver of joy, that bright little boy,
God bless him, our dear little wee one!

Some Animals in Cages

The man who for many years was superintendent of the Zoölogical Gardens of London has written a book about animals that contains many interesting stories.

One of the stories is of father and mother and baby hippopotamus. The mother and baby had a den to themselves. One day the baby ventured to get out of the tank alone. She slipped back several times, when her mother came to her aid. It was evident the baby was frightened as well as tired. The mother swam to the baby and held its head up by her neck. Then the mother got out of the tank, as if to show the baby how. Again it failed, slipping back many times into the water. The mother went to it again, holding its head on her neck until it was rested. This time the baby made a desperate effort and got out on the platform. The baby was five months old before it entered the cage of its father. When the mother and baby passed through the gate, the father trumpeted. Whether the mother was afraid something would happen to her daughter, or for some reason, she flew at the father, rising on her hind legs, and drove him into the water. She slipped into the water after him, drove him into a corner and thoroughly whipped him, the baby watching the whole proceeding from her mother's back, and acting, naughty child! as if she were having a good time.

Mr. Bartlett tells of Jumbo, the big elephant which Barnum, the great American showman, brought here from the Zoölogical Garden of London. Jumbo had a bad temper, sometimes becoming so furious as to injure himself. One day, in a rage, he broke off his tusks. An

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elephant's tusks grow as long as he lives. For some reason, Jumbo's tusks did not come through as they should under the upper lip. They seemed to grow up inside his mouth and cause him great pain. It was decided to perform an operation. It was evident that Jumbo was relieved. The next day the keepers decided to operate on the other side, but, knowing Jumbo's memory and his temper, they approached him expecting trouble. To their surprise Jumbo was very patient, and seemed to know that the keepers were trying to help him.

When Alice, the tiny elephant—she was but four feet tall, while Jumbo was twelve—was brought to London, it was suggested that, to avoid the crowds and excitement, she be put into a cab. This was not done, however. She was driven through the streets, followed by three or four hundred people.

When she reached the Garden, she ate her supper of bread and apples as though she had grown up in the streets of London and played with the children.

Just a Pair of Shoes

Three hundred thousand dollars is a large sum of money, and when that amount of money is paid for shoes all at one time, it seems at first thought as if nobody would be barefoot for a long time. This money represented the purchase of shoes by a Western firm from a shoe manufacturer in the East. To make the number of shoes represented in this order required the sending of a large order for leather. As the order for shoes represented only a part of the work and material this shoe manufacturer would need, an order was sent for $1,000,000 worth of leather. If the leather that this amount of money would buy were shipped at one time, it would have required a freight train of two hundred cars to carry it.

Now we see what business is. People wear shoes, and to supply the need butchers must kill the animals whose hides furnish leather; tanners must dress and prepare the hides until they are leather; then the shoemakers must make the leather into shoes. Then there is the cattleman who buys and cares for the cattle; the man who provides the tanneries, and pays the wages of the tanners; the man who buys the leather and sells it to the manufacturer, who must provide the building and machinery, and pay the wages of the shoemakers, clerks, and salesmen. After the manufacturer comes the wholesale dealer, who buys three hundred thousand dollars' worth of shoes, and who must in turn provide storage and pay clerks and salesmen to sell shoes by the dozen and by the hundred to the retail dealer who sells the single pairs. And then you, to stub your little toes and trot the little soles off, in order to make all this business, and pay the wages of hundreds of people. Even now we have not mentioned the shoe-peg man, nor the shoe-button nor shoe-lace men. Neither have we mentioned the box-makers.

Dear, dear! how many people it takes to get a pair of shoes on your feet!

One Fox

A red fox was sent to a gentleman in New York as a gift. The family were somewhat embarrassed by the gift, as the house was not adapted to the needs of a fox accustomed to a whole wood as a playground and a big cave for his home. Besides, when a fox has grown up with the idea of caring for himself, he does not wait for regular meal-times. This fox fed at any moment and on anything within reach that struck his fancy.

Mr. Fox found himself living in the cellar and tied by a rope—certainly not a comfortable place nor position for a fox who loved freedom and sunshine. The fox family have always been considered clever, and this fox was not stupid. He managed to free himself, and suddenly appeared in the kitchen, to the horror of the cook, who left it at once and refused to return. The whole family became an army to capture Mr. Fox. They began by throwing to him everything he would eat. This did not make him any more gentle, so a keeper at the menagerie was sent for. He entered the kitchen, and Mr. Fox ran to the cellar and up the coal-chute. Now he was captured and taken off to the menagerie.

How glad he must be to live out in the sunshine once more and see the trees in the park! If foxes have a language of their own, no doubt this fox has terrified all the others in the inclosure by telling them of those dreadful people, called human, who shut foxes up in dark holes.

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